

Contemporary Review

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1953

REFLECTIONS ON RUSSIA

INTEREST in the Soviet Government has its ups and downs. For nearly thirty-six years the Western World has watched the Bolsheviks with feelings that have undergone many transformations—ranging from impotent hostility to cynical cupidity, and from pompous futility to temporary amity. However, thirty-six years is a long time and no place or group of people can command the continuous interest of the rest of the world. Moreover, the endless Soviet external and internal switches of policy; the ever new five year plans; the internecine struggles of the Bolshevik hierarchy with the resultant purges, trials and confessions; in a word, all the Moscow "monkey-tricks," to use the late Ramsay MacDonald's famous phrase, have ended up in producing in the non-Soviet countries a feeling of boredom and exhaustion. Nevertheless, from time to time all eyes and all spotlights become focused on Moscow. Some new dramatic event or move seems so ominous that once again experts and others try to seek, if not information then at least a clue as to what is going on behind the Kremlin walls or what is to be expected next.

The democracies have a curious tendency to be caught unawares and never fail to express peeved surprise when totalitarian states, or especially the dictators personally, behave in a way that is contrary to the one which was expected. In the case of Soviet Russia this is largely due to the West's habit of always putting the most recondite interpretation on everything the Bolsheviks do or look like doing. The Western powers would have saved themselves many a costly mistake and many a disappointment in all these years if they had chosen the simple rather than the complicated explanation of Moscow's policies and actions, and if instead of always underestimating or overestimating the strength of the Soviet Government they had tried to assess it at its proper value. A typical example of this unreasonable approach was manifested in early August when at the session of the supreme Soviet, Malenkov announced that the United States "has no monopoly in the production of the hydrogen bomb." The international press hastened to proclaim that he was bragging, but a few days later most authoritative sources in Britain and America confirmed that, alas, Malenkov had not been bragging at all. Since then it has also become apparent that Moscow not only has the H-bomb but also the planes to deliver these bombs—an unforeseen fact which is bound to alter completely much of America's and West Europe's strategy, not to mention the impact of this discovery on public opinion or on defence expenditure.

Of course, this was not at all the information the Western World was looking for at this session of the top Soviet legislative body. There was reason to believe that while the general deliberations would be of

relatively little interest, somewhere, and perhaps carefully hidden in a maze of verbiage and banalities, a clue could be found to explain what was really going on in Soviet Russia since Stalin's death. But while Malenkov's speech ranged over a large field, Stalin was not mentioned at all and the briefest of references was made to the liquidation of Beria—a process which now clearly seems to have begun a long time ago (in secret) and which only became public with the sensational announcement of July 10th. Indeed, all that Malenkov said was that Beria had been "unmasked and rendered harmless." This reticence was in striking contrast to the accustomed forms of Bolshevik political theatricals which constitute an integral part of a technique of government based upon assassination.

That strange things are going on in Soviet Russia since Stalin's death is obvious enough, even though some of the forms of the present struggle for power did not appear at first in their traditional naked brutality. The mere fact that Beria has been removed from office and, like all fallen Soviet potentates, is now being charged with treason, is staggering enough even to those who seldom feel surprised at anything that happens behind the Kremlin walls. The calibre of the man who only one month previously, on June 10th, had been described by PRAVDA as one of the "three pillars of the Soviet State"; who was perhaps Stalin's most trusted henchman; who for years had been known as Malenkov's closest friend and who since 1938 had been the unchallenged head of Soviet Russia's secret police (under its various names, but with unchanging murderous activities), and who after Stalin's death seemed to have risen still further in importance—all these factors combine to make the picture more than ever confusing.

All over the world the so-called Russian experts have rushed in with explanations. They, and many other commentators, also immediately proceeded to read into Beria's downfall a political significance profoundly affecting the Soviets' foreign relations as well as the domestic affairs of the U.S.S.R. He was represented as a protagonist of a more peaceful attitude towards the West and as an adherent of a more liberal policy within the Soviet world. There is not a shred of evidence to show that, even judged by Bolshevik standards, this murderer of millions was milder than any of his colleagues, and to describe a man who was chief executioner for fifteen years as a "liberal" is really an outrage. This speculation based on pure guesswork and mostly practised by people whose ignorance of everything Russian is only equalled by their aplomb, throws very little light on the subject. But enough facts are available, which moreover are fully borne out by the whole history of Soviet Russia, to warrant a certain number of conclusions which may not be as sensational as some of the current myths, yet at least possess the merit of realism and common-sense.

To begin with, it has been obvious for many years that the three main sources and instruments of power in the U.S.S.R. are the Secret Police, the Communist party and the Army. As long as Stalin lived, the titular heads of these three organisations were his unquestioning slaves and, however much they may have loathed each other, they were compelled to work together for their master. Sometimes Stalin used the one against

the others. Thus he purged the Party and the Army with the help of the Secret Police, and then purged the Police itself. He was strong enough to destroy his Chiefs of Police last—after they had accomplished the murderous tasks he had set them. And significantly enough these formidable men, like Menshinsky, Yagoda and Yeshov, could be arrested without any apparent resistance, their own Secret Police not coming to their rescue or not even bothering to protect them. There invariably seemed to be somebody else only too willing to take on the job and apparently fully equipped to incarcerate the chief jailer of only yesterday in the prison cells which used to be his empire.

Stalin's death has upset the balance of this smooth if deadly mechanism in certain respects—but not, as Beria's case now proves, as completely as might have been thought. It is still possible to overthrow an ostensibly all-powerful chief of the secret police, to get him locked up in one of his own cells, and to find an eager successor among his own closest immediate entourage. The situation is particularly interesting because at a superficial glance it would have been logical to assume that Beria held a much stronger position than Malenkov. As Deputy Premier, as Minister of the Interior, as Supreme Master of the Police, as Marshal of the Army and as Head of Soviet Atomic Developments, he held both civilian and military rank and had in addition to that the distinction of a prestige second to none among the Bolshevik hierarchy.

In all probability it was precisely this concentration of power—actual or latent—in his hands that caused his undoing. Unlike Stalin, Malenkov could not afford the luxury of destroying the policeman last. Beria was dangerous since he happened to have detailed files not only on Malenkov himself but on all the other Soviet leaders as well. Presumably Malenkov has had no difficulty in persuading these men that such a dangerous fellow had to be destroyed before he had a chance of destroying any—or all—of them. Indeed, from his own point of view, Malenkov did the perfectly logical thing in beginning his consolidation of power and the building up of his authority by wiping out the one man best equipped to challenge him or even to remove him. There is nothing very surprising in all this. We know from history that triumvirates seldom last for any length of time or provide instances of exemplary teamwork. Also, human nature scarcely facilitates smooth relations when from a position of equality one man is suddenly raised to towering superiority over his colleagues of only yesterday.

The immediate lessons to be drawn from this episode, and which provide one more striking denial to the propaganda line of all the Soviet sycophants throughout the world, is that there is neither loyalty among the top Bolshevik hierarchy nor a sense of confidence in the security of their own regime. Time and again since Stalin's death official statements have appealed for "vigilance in the struggle against internal and external enemies," and have warned against "disorder and panic." After thirty-six years of alleged triumphs and the constant reiteration of the "monolithic community" of the Soviet State, the references to internal enemies or the warnings against panic are eloquent enough. In what other country, democratic or totalitarian, has the death of a leader made such appeals necessary or even plausible?

More eloquent still is another aspect of this whole dreary business which has emerged in all previous purges as well, but never quite so clearly: if a man in Beria's position is really the traitor and miscreant he is now represented to be, there is not much to be said in favour of a regime which allows such criminals to rise to the top and exercise supreme power over many years. On the other hand, if the charges are pure fabrication and part of the "milieu" vendetta—and there is no cause to doubt that this is so and that Beria was in no way inferior to Malenkov as a genuine Bolshevik—what can be said in favour of a system which has to invent such ghastly accusations against its own principal creators and administrators? The Soviets have a way of picking, whenever they feel the moment to be opportune, one of their own top men and attributing to him sole responsibility for all their failures at home and abroad—past, present and even future. This technique is by now too well known to require any further comment. What remains to be seen is whether the other leading ministers and, chief of all, the Army leadership, are sufficiently intimidated by the Beria affair or whether Malenkov will find it necessary to crack down on them as well, or whether to avoid Beria's fate they liquidate Malenkov before he gets them. This is the Soviet system of government and there is inexorable logic in it.

However, there is nothing whatever in the latest developments to indicate that this system is changing; that it is becoming more liberal or more dictatorial; and least of all that it is in progress of disintegrating. That Stalin's death, and the struggle for power which inevitably had to result from it, represent a serious internal convulsion there can be no doubt. This would also mean considerable external weakness if Soviet Russia happened to be faced by a united, strong and dynamic opposition of the Western world. The present state of this Western world can scarcely be taken to constitute a serious threat to Moscow—either in the diplomatic or the military sense. And since the men in the Kremlin know about the crippling incapacities of their would-be opponents, they not only have nothing to fear but can play upon democratic disunity, rivalry, pacifism and European-American tensions to their heart's content. Indeed, the Western World is behaving exactly along the lines predicted by Stalin in his long article in the "Bolshevik" last autumn—when he clearly said that there was no need for him to make war on the West, and that he could afford to sit and watch how the Western World was weakening or destroying itself.

Nevertheless, it is reasonable to assume that in view of its present domestic difficulties Moscow needs what it calls a "Peredyshka" (breathing space). There have been many similar occasions before when domestic problems had to be given priority over world affairs, and invariably Moscow combined a less hostile attitude to the West (assumed not through a change of heart, but through sheer necessity) with an effort to create disunion amongst its enemies. At the present juncture the Bolsheviks are once again pursuing these two purposes simultaneously. But while Moscow makes trifling concessions on issues to which it is fairly indifferent, the fundamental problems of Germany, the European satellites, Communist China, and the various wars in the East, remain unsolved. Perhaps, if Sir Winston Churchill's plea for the most general

of talks at the highest of levels, following immediately on Stalin's death, had taken place, some limited results might have been achieved. Now the position is quite different—not only because the occasion has been lost, but because in Washington the subject of discussion has been narrowed down to that of Germany. No Russian government—Bolshevik, Democratic or Tsarist—can afford to remain indifferent to the rearmament of Western Germany. In selecting this problem as the principal item for discussion (and not by the Heads of State but by Foreign Ministers) the Western Allies have picked on one of those rare issues where all of Russia's interests happen to coincide. When the men in the Kremlin can act not only in the name of their own distatorship and as promoters of world revolution but also as defenders of Russia's national interests they are particularly strong. The future of Germany is crucial to Russia. Thus Moscow has the choice of either trying to pull in Germany on Russia's side or of going out of the way to destroy her; but in no circumstances can the Russians remain mere onlookers.

Whatever the internal or external gyrations of the Soviet Government in the near future may be, this much at least is certain; Malenkov must go on murdering his way up to unchallenged power; hostility towards the rest of the world and profound suspicion of it remain unchanged even if the methods of conducting foreign relations do undergo spectacular changes from time to time; and the guiding principle of the regime still remains neatly summed up in Lenin's old formula: "Who—whom?"

GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK.

THE FEDERAL GERMAN ELECTION

THE extent to which the Federal German election of 6th September has made history is seen most clearly by a comparison of the political situation at Bonn with that in Paris or Rome. It was expected that Dr. Adenauer's government coalition would win, but it was feared that its majority would be so small as to rob it of the ability to carry out a clear foreign policy with the ratification of the Allied treaties, and that an impasse similar to the one in Italy and France would ensue. The Christian Democrat landslide which in fact happened came quite unexpectedly both to German and foreign observers. It constituted a journalistic sensation of the first order and a new departure in the history of German parliamentary government.

The Christian Democratic Party of Dr. Adenauer by itself obtained an absolute majority, thus reaffirming the strength of the alliance between Catholics and Protestants on which it is based. It is worth recalling that under the Weimar Republic the electorate never gave any one party an absolute majority in a free election, not even in the end to the National Socialists. The Reichstag of the Weimar Republic was often frustrated in its debates by the unruly extremists on both sides. The new Bundestag, however, will not contain any extremists, either of the right or of the left. The Communist vote dropped to an all-time low of 2.2% and the party is

thus excluded from representation under the 5% rule, as it failed to win a single constituency. The German Reich Party (D.R.P.), an extremist group of the right, suffered an even more disastrous defeat, only obtaining 1.1%, remaining well below 5% even in its stronghold of Lower Saxony.

The new Bundestag was elected under a system giving two votes to every member of the electorate—one for the constituency candidate elected on the ordinary majority principle, the other for a party electoral list for each "Land" on the basis of proportional representation (deducting the seats already won by each party in the "Land" concerned on the direct constituency vote). Under this system—which could not in anyway be described as electoral trickery—the electorate succeeded in reducing the number of parties represented in parliament to a reasonable number, something which never happened during the previous democratic regime.

Only six parties are now represented, or five if the tiny representation of the Catholic Centre Party—which only survived by means of an electoral alliance with the Christian Democrats—is counted as part of the C.D.U. Thus in a Bundestag of 487 members the Christian Democrats (including the three Centre Party deputies) control 247 seats, equivalent to a 51% of the Lower House. With the help of its previous partners, the Free Democrats (48 seats) and the German Party (15 seats), the government coalition—which, however, largely fought the election separately—controls 63.7% of the House.

Dr. Adenauer can achieve a two-thirds majority only with the help of the Refugee Party (Gesamtdeutscher Block-BHE), which with 27 seats has emerged as the fourth strongest party. With the support of their additional 5.5% of the deputies, the Chancellor can control nearly 70% of the Bundestag, which would leave the Social Democrats with 150 members, representing just over 30%, as the only opposition party. What is certain is that the Social Democrats can no longer muster the requisite one-third of the House—which they previously achieved with the help of the Centre Party—against the Allied treaties for the purpose of complaints to the Constitutional Court. The Refugee Party of Waldemar Kraft have come out unequivocally in support of the treaties so that their passage through the Bundestag with a two-thirds majority would seem to be assured. A general possession of the two-thirds majority would enable the government to deal with any constitutional difficulties which arise, either by way of amending the Basic Law or by reforming the Constitutional Court. The era of stalemate in which government, opposition and Constitutional Court held each other in check is certainly over. A clear situation, approaching a two-party system, has been created. Rarely in history has the electorate spoken so unequivocally.

First and foremost, the electorate certainly gave an overwhelming verdict for the Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, not paying any heed to the anti-Catholic agitation of the Social Democrats. At 77, Dr. Adenauer completely dominated the scene. The present writer, who was in Germany during the election campaign, twice had the privilege at Bonn of listening to Dr. Adenauer. The first time was a few days before the election, when the Chancellor addressed a public meeting. He spoke for one and three quarter hours, never tiring. Dr. Adenauer is not a

born orator, and yet he is a most effective speaker. With a delightful sense of humour, his cosy Rhineland accent, his almost impassive and inscrutable, yet constantly alert and watching facial expression, the hint of almost boyish delight with which he leads up to his points, using only a very restricted and easily understandable vocabulary, the Chancellor succeeded in popularising the achievement of his government and his future policy in tireless journeyings throughout the land. The second time this writer heard Dr. Adenauer was immediately after the announcement of the complete election results, when he addressed a packed press conference of both German and foreign correspondents in the hour of his triumph. Listening to him, one had the feeling of being in the presence of a great man, of a great German and a great European. In the election the comparison with the Social Democratic leader, Ollenhauer, could not but be to the disadvantage of the opposition. For not only had Dr. Adenauer presided at a period of extreme crisis over one of the most successful governments in German history, but he also looks back on a long and distinguished public career, particularly as Mayor of Cologne throughout the Weimar Republic. Compared with that, Ollenhauer's record as a party official does not carry much weight.

It has been said in certain quarters—including, quite irresponsibly, in those of the Social Democrats—that the result of the election shows that the Germans still believe in hero-worship. A more unfair interpretation of the situation could hardly be imagined. Quite legitimately, the contest of democracy is often symbolised by a contest of personalities. Nobody would claim that a vote for Disraeli or for Gladstone was an indication of British hero-worship in the nineteenth century. Adenauer has succeeded in catching the popular imagination of the German electorate to an extent that probably no statesman of the Weimar Republic, not even Stresemann or Brüning, did. This is perhaps his greatest achievement, for democracy cannot gain strong roots in any country if its protagonists fail to win over the hearts of the people. It is only to be hoped that the Chancellor will not be unmindful of the need to make provision, now that his personal position is so strong, for an adequate succession in due course.

Naturally the Christian Democrats benefited more from their association with Dr. Adenauer in the eyes of the electorate than the other two coalition parties, the Free Democrats and the German Party. Still, the tremendous gains of the Christian Democrats, as compared with the static vote (and therefore proportional decline, owing to the high voting participation) of the two minor partners cannot be explained only in terms of Dr. Adenauer's personality. The Christian Democrats are a national party full of life right through the Federal Republic, from the Protestant North down to the Catholic South. Its ideas are clear and well-known, to this extent, of course, benefiting from its association with a great public figure. It has never been seriously possible to maintain about the Christian Democrats—any more than about the Social Democrats—that there had been any National Socialist infiltration.

The picture about the other two coalition parties is less clear. Serious allegations of neo-Nazi infiltration into the Free Democratic Party in Lower Saxony and North Rhine-Westphalia have been made. This

party has lost all coherence and now seems to contain three quite distinct groups, liberals of the old school like Reinhold Maier, moderate conservatives like Middelhaue, and more dubious elements of the extreme right which are only with difficulty being purged. Also the tergiversations of Reinhold Maier as Minister-President of Baden-Württemberg and as President of the Bundesrat over the question of the Allied treaties can hardly have redounded to the credit of the party as a whole. In any case, quite apart from its lack of coherence, the party cannot rank as a national one, as it is very weak in certain parts of the country.

As to the German Party, this is even more of a local affair. It is very largely unrepresented in the South. As the official right-wing party, with the slogan "strengthen the right wing", it is bound to attract some dubious elements, though it is probably preferable that these people should join a government party rather than form a group of their own. Much about this party is certainly unpalatable. This writer heard an official German Party speaker in Hamburg preach a gospel of unmitigated nationalism curiously combined with an advocacy of Adenauer's policy of Western integration and with a severe condemnation of National Socialism. This particular speaker was, however, certainly not representative. The mistake should not be made, as it is in too many sections of the non-German press, of exaggerating the importance of comparative outsiders. Thus at another German Party meeting chosen at random, at Hanover, all one heard was a boring repetition of the orthodox coalition line. These regional variations are, incidentally, a reflection of the generally very local handling of the whole election campaign organisation; normally, the "Länder" were the biggest organisational units in the campaign. As to the German Party, it looks like declining and is now virtually the smallest party in the Bundestag. As a result of the election, both the Free Democrats and the German Party will certainly be more than ever under the control of their "big brother". This is all to the good.

In endorsing Dr. Adenauer, the German electorate, of course, also voted for a clearly defined programme. Now observers generally agree that foreign policy was in the forefront of the election, for it was in this sphere that the most definite clash of ideas between government and opposition took place. Dr. Adenauer continued, during the election campaign, to ask for the implementation of his programme of European integration, including ratification of the Bonn and E.D.C. treaties, for which he has worked so long. On the other hand, the Social Democrats asked for rejection of the treaties as they would in their opinion prevent German reunification. The results show that the vast majority of the electorate felt that Dr. Adenauer's policy of integration with the West was the only wise one under the circumstances. The Social Democrats failed to convince the electorate that German reunification would be impossible once the treaties were signed.

Besides foreign affairs, Dr. Erhard's policy of a free economy was at stake. Now, the speedy economic rise of Federal Germany after currency reform is one of the great miracles of our era. On the whole, the Social Democrats did not try to deny that there had been an amazing recovery. But they claimed that this recovery was not due to the policy of the government—a statement hard to believe. What, however, was poten-

tially more effective as an election slogan—though also a very mischievous one—was their attempt to show that undue profits were being made and that some people had got rich rather too quickly. Thus they produced charts showing how many people were earning above a certain level, at the same time posing the question how this had been possible when everybody had started from scratch after currency reform (incidentally an oversimplification of the situation). While there is certainly much social injustice in Germany to-day, it must, however, be asked whether much of it can possibly be removed by acts of government. For most of it flows directly from the expulsions and precipitate flight of millions of people. This situation the Federal Government can only modify under present circumstances, not radically alter. Then there is doubt as to whether, even if the slices had been more equal, the size of the cake under a Socialist economy would have been as big as under a free economy. However all this may be, the electorate on September 6th certainly also endorsed not only the government's economic but also its social policy.

The election, indeed, showed that it was no longer sufficient to beat the class warfare drum. The remarkable thing—and a very encouraging one—is the extent to which the voter refused to vote along rigid social and sectional lines, as had been anticipated. Thus the decline in the voting strength of the Refugee Party as compared with previous "Landtag" elections, the fact that it only mustered 1.6 million votes out of a total refugee voting strength many times that number, shows that most of the refugees preferred to vote for national rather than sectional parties. The Social Democrats, too, had a severe shock, for the Christian Democrats made severe inroads into their traditional fortresses, the big industrial towns, for instance at Hamburg, Frankfurt and Duisburg. If the Social Democrats ever want to leave the wilderness and obtain federal responsibility, which is certainly desirable in due course in the interest of true parliamentary government, they will have to undergo a complete reform and cease to be exclusively a class party. In this connection their apparent sponsorship by the German Trade Union Council may even have been damaging. It is to be hoped that the responsible people in the party will have learned the lesson.

The repercussions of this election will in Germany go beyond the Lower House. The swing towards the CDU is likely to have an effect on the government of the "Länder" and it will be interesting to see how the coming election for the Hamburg parliament goes; here the Social Democratic Mayor Brauer is certainly in danger. Elsewhere, too, such as in Baden-Württemberg, Social Democratic participation in government may be terminated by parties of the Bonn coalition and their hold over the Upper House, the "Bundesrat", thus weakened.

The effect of this election will, however, go beyond Germany. It is to be hoped that Federal Germany will now, under Dr. Adenauer's continuing wise leadership, have a steadying influence on France and Italy and that these two countries will also ratify the treaties once Federal Germany has done so.

The quiet and serious way in which the campaign was on the whole conducted, and also followed by the ordinary man, coupled with the extraordinary rise in electoral participation—from 78.5% in 1949 to

86.2% this year—is a good omen for the future. It should strengthen mutual international confidence in Western Europe. As the coalition newspaper "Kölnische Rundschau" put it: "The German people has done much wrong and has suffered much. But it has also learned much."

FRANK EYCK.

THE FRENCH PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM

THE postal and railway strikes in August showed how difficult it is at present for any Government to take measures adversely affecting any particular section of the French economy without provoking an instant and energetic protest. The ostensible cause of the postal strike was the Government decree raising the pensionable age for postal workers. A similar readiness to resist a reform regarded as injurious was shown in a very different economic province—that of the wine-growers of the south—who were touched by another decree concerning alcohol. It quickly became evident that the raising of the pensionable age was more the occasion than the cause of the postal strike, for it precipitated the more general problem of the wages of lower-paid workers in the public services. Workers in private enterprises were stirred in their turn. The Government found it necessary to prepare a scheme for their lower-paid servants and to promise to call a meeting of the committee which deals with collective contracts about wages in private industry to consider the same problem. At the same time, in order to fend off any demand for a quite general rise in wages, the Government pressed on with plans, in the Pinay manner, for provoking a reduction in prices, particularly food prices. It was on the rather insecure basis of these prospective measures that the trade unions ended, or suspended, the strikes.

It has been remarked that the postal workers went on strike without any attempt on the part of their leaders to negotiate in the first place either with the Government or with the administrative authorities. This lack of respect for the Government may have been due to a feeling that a Ministry so largely based on the Right was not likely to deal with social problems in a manner satisfactory to the workers. But many regarded it as a disquieting symptom of a general weakening of the authority of the executive Government resulting from the long Ministerial crisis of June. In another field of politics the rapid manoeuvres which led to the deposition of the Sultan of Morocco encouraged the same suspicion of weakness; some members of the Government at least seem to have been faced with a *fait accompli* which they had not expected. Unquestionably, however, the chief cause of the strikes was economic discontent and the chief result was to raise the whole problem of wages, prices and economic stagnation. A Government led by a Moderate like M. Laniel may have a hard battle to fight on the reassembly of Parliament. Unless it is able to show substantial results from its policy of lowering prices a further illustration of Ministerial instability may threaten to present itself.

That possibility alone would suffice to bring the question of the working of the French Parliamentary system once more into discussion. Many observers have noted that the Bill for Constitutional reform, which was given a first reading at the end of the Parliamentary session, contains no

important provision specifically intended to cure Ministerial instability. Some foreign observers are obviously attracted by the proposal ineffectually made by M. Reynaud last June, which would have sought to ensure a forced stability by holding over the National Assembly a threat of dissolution if a Government were overturned within a certain stipulated period. Even if such a mechanical provision were admitted as a temporary expedient it is hard to think of it as forming a regular feature of the French Parliamentary system.

There is a radical difference between the British and French methods of working the Parliamentary system. In France the electorate does not normally vote a Government or a party or even a Parliamentary coalition of parties into power. It elects a National Assembly and leaves it to the Assembly to form a Government and a governing majority. The Assembly exercises this "prerogative" as freely as an association acts in choosing and dismissing an executive committee. It considers itself as master in its own house in a more regular and immediate sense than does the House of Commons divided more or less permanently into Government and Opposition. The system is accepted by the country. From the time of the Revolutionary Convention, which, though it had Ministers, never even had a Cabinet, the capital link between the country and its elective institutions has been the direct link with Parliament. However impatient people may be during a long Ministerial crisis, they still recognize that in trying to find a Government and a majority which meets its requirements the Assembly is performing a function which belongs to it, even if it is doing it badly. The fact that a Government does not really or virtually originate in the electorate makes its responsibility to Parliament, and Parliament alone, practically absolute. An "appeal to the country" of a Ministry defeated in Parliament would have no such sense as it has in Great Britain. If a defeated Government were to bring about a dissolution of the Assembly the groups composing its coalition would go before the electorate each on its own account. At the last general election (1951) the Republican Democratic groups went to the poll as allies (*apparentés*) in defence of the Parliamentary regime; but they did not do so as supporters of an existing Government or as promoters of any particular coalition Government in the future. Indeed, the allied groups have never yet found themselves all included, without exception, in the same Government majority in any of the varied combinations formed during the present Legislature.

A certain Ministerial instability is implicit in the French system. It is always highly improbable that the first coalition formed after a general election will last throughout the Legislature. The degree of instability depends partly on external events—strikes, inflation, etc. But it also depends on the stability of the electorate itself and of the Parliamentary groups which result from it. The present National Assembly is exceptionally unstable because the electorate is exceptionally unstable. Before the war the electorate changed comparatively little. Party formations did not vary much. There was little floating vote. No violent sweep from Right to Left (or inversely) ever occurred. Now the electorate is changing. It is disturbed by the political effects of the disaster of 1940: Vichy, Resistance, the Communist push, the Gaullist push.

The present Assembly is half-paralysed by the disorders of the electorate. As examples of these disorders take the vicissitudes of the M.R.P. and the R.P.F. In the last Assembly the M.R.P., swollen by the adhesion of Catholic Conservatives, had 169 Deputies. It now has only 89, the Catholic Conservatives having passed in great part to the R.P.F. at the general election. The R.P.F., barely represented in the last Assembly, came into the present one 120 strong. But deserters from the R.P.F., largely Catholic Conservatives, now form an independent group of 34. The rest of the R.P.F., deprived of its title, are a group of 80 under another name. In the fluid condition of the electorate nobody can tell what will prove to be the settled value of the M.R.P., or whether Gaullism, which came out of the last election as apparently the largest single formation in French politics, has any future at all. All the other parties are more or less, and quite justifiably, preoccupied with their future. The abnormal electoral preoccupation affects every party's attitude in Parliament and makes a heavy contribution to instability. At the approach of every counting of heads at municipal, departmental or Senatorial elections, or in the weeks preceding its party congress, a Parliamentary group tends to become hesitant, propagandist, selfishly opportunist.

It is to be noted that this particular contribution to instability springs, not from a vice, but from a virtue: the virtue of faithful representation. In the present phase of the evolution of French politics the value of representation, purely as representation, is inestimable.* It is a good thing that Parliament should reflect all the forces in play, even disruptive forces, even if the efficiency of executive government is momentarily impaired. Parliament is stealing the substance of the R.P.F. The taming of Communism will no doubt be a slow process, but it is probable that in going into Parliamentary life the French Communist party signed its own death warrant as an international force pretending to impose its will on the country. So far from being a sign of rottenness in the nation the sincerity of the electorate is, on the contrary, a proof of vitality. The exemplary behaviour of the electorate at every general election should serve to correct the pessimistic conclusions often drawn from the purely Parliamentary phenomenon of Ministerial instability. M. André Siegfried some time ago (in an article of March 1951) referred to the "incurable reputation for Ministerial instability" enjoyed by France abroad. From this, he said, "foreigners assume, quite wrongly, a general instability which in no way corresponds to our true character." The abusive exercise by the National Assembly of its control over the executive is a vice, but it is a strictly Parliamentary vice.

As Ministerial instability is so visible it is being blamed for bad policy in finance, Indo-China, Tunisia and the other black spots. The usual remedy of national union has more than once been prescribed. There are occasions of sudden national emergency when all hands fly or are forced to the pump in a panic. But when the immediate peril is past national union is a poor form of government. It degenerates rapidly into a combination in which a predominant partner appropriates all the political capital to be got out of it, while unwilling subordinates look out for the first chance to escape. Paradoxical as it may seem, the true remedy for present ills is not union of the parties, but a more clear-cut division

between them. In fact, in its present unfortunate phase, the capital defect of the French Parliamentary system is the absence of an organised Opposition. A Government does not work under the constant criticism of a vigilant Opposition willing and able to take its place if it falls. At this moment the hundred Socialists, without allies, form an embryo of Opposition. But the hundred Communists are wreckers who vote systematically against any and every Government. The 398 Deputies who voted for the investiture of M. Laniel constitute almost the whole of the rest of the National Assembly. Obviously, the elements which should or could help to form an Opposition are somewhere in the Government majority. Every Ministry formed during the present Legislature has been in similar case. The worst result of these conditions is not instability but the pursuit of bad policy with impunity. Bad finance, the persistence or repetition of mistakes in Indo-China or Tunisia, are made all the more possible because there exists no sufficiently powerful body of critics to pin responsibility relentlessly on any Government. Groups which would very much like to criticise are silenced because they are "all in it" more or less. Responsibility is not shared; it is dissipated.

In the present National Assembly the chances of the formation of a steady Opposition and a Government really responsible for its policy are not promising. The presence of the Communists threatens to dislocate any governing coalition. A group of the majority which wants to upset the Government can always count on a hundred votes for the operation. But is an Opposition quite impossible? Latent opposition always exists; it is human to oppose. The way to make it powerful and disciplined is to give it something big, definite and challenging to oppose. If, for instance, a coalition were formed ready and resolute to carry out M. Memdès-France's scheme of policy a vigorous Opposition would probably arise spontaneously. Support for this opinion can be found in the history of the Third Republic. Eleven of the 15 years from 1895 to 1909 were occupied by only four Ministries, one of which was the homogeneous Conservative Government of Méline. In this period two important works were accomplished—the liquidation of the Dreyfus *affaire* and the separation of Church and State. Strong government with a purpose provoked strong opposition, and the balance of the two forces produced stability. For many months it has been clear that the accumulation of problems in every field, domestic, foreign and colonial, calls for a comprehensive policy dealing with them as a whole and designed to restore the French economy and therefore the standing of France. The August strikes provided an example of the disadvantages of treating them piecemeal; each separate measure, which would be a mere detail in a vast scheme of policy, aroused a quite disproportionate protest. The question is whether the present National Assembly is capable of providing a determined majority to back such a general scheme. The Socialists talk much of the formation of a social and democratic front. A section of the party would no doubt like to join with possible allies in Parliament, but M. Mollet, the Secretary, looks forward to electoral formations in the country, rather than to Ministerial combinations in the present Parliament.

It surely results from even an inadequate survey like this that much of the advice tendered to France from abroad is ill-conceived. France will

in all probability continue to believe that the first business of the Parliamentary system is to ensure representation: anything comparable with the electoral stifling of the English Liberals is inconsistent with the French system. The formation of Ministries is the business of the representative assembly. The system has its weaknesses and it has not stood up well against the strains imposed by the circumstances and events of the time. But so long as its principles are accepted such expedients as dissolution and Constitutional reform (though certain amendments would be useful) are illusory remedies. A far more important conclusion to be drawn from an examination of the circumstances of the day is that what is happening in France is not a general collapse but a deep transformation. Some critical observers have misunderstood or underrated the effects of French history from 1939 to 1944, and tend to think that as France was "out of the war" she could start again where she left off in 1940, with a positive advantage over the active belligerents. In fact, France has to reconstitute a body politic which has been greatly disturbed, and we shall not know what France has really become until the post-war generation has found its footing in settled groupings of opinion.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

Vernon, Eure.

MAU MAU AND THE AFRICAN MIND

A QUESTION constantly in people's mind, here and in Africa, is why after years of what we may regard as enlightened rule are the Kikuyu in Kenya showing such disturbing signs of unrest? The answer popularly given ascribes the situation as due to the comparatively developed political outlook of the tribe and to the leadership of Jomo Kenyatta, and the Government, by detaining the latter, has shown the importance they place on him. But it is highly improbable that modern doctrines, be they communistic or otherwise, could influence an African tribe as the Kikuyu has been influenced, and we must look for other factors, less facile and not so apparent. In Africa the secret society has power over individuals beyond our conception. It is sometimes directed to orderly government and is not always atavistic and anti-social as in the case of Mau Mau. Its power and the present fanaticism stem from three main sources, (i) the oath, (ii) the traditions and social structure of the tribe, and (iii) the mental or psychic make-up of the African.

(i) *The Oath.* Several girls were sitting in the shade afforded by clove and coconut trees in an island off the East African coast. Suddenly, one stood up and remained motionless. No word was spoken, no sign passed. It was only after some while that we discovered what had happened. The girl's "soma" (the person appointed to instruct her in behaviour proper to early womanhood) had unexpectedly passed near. The awe and respect which the girl showed her were remarkable, but she would divulge nothing as to content or form of the teaching imparted: that was secret and bound by oath. The oath, ceremoniously administered, is felt to be the more impressive because it is believed that this or

that custom or teaching has been handed down for countless ages. This sense of timelessness has a potent influence and enhances the effect of the oath. In one or two cases the origin of an oath and secret society has been traced. The hunting or 'athi' group of the Meru tribe, near the Kikuyu, once placed their hunting sticks in the cattle kraals of nearby pastoral tribes. These latter, convinced that the athi sticks would bring evil upon them, offered cattle for sacrifice. The athi people accepted the cattle and the evil spirits were—apparently—appeased. The ruse proved so successful that a secret society arose, now known as the Athi Society, with its own initiation ceremony and oath, and promising power over, not only animals but, any unwanted government order. We know the origin of this society—not so the African. To him it is something that has always been, and the power of the oath lies, at least partially, in the mystery of its origin, in other words, in ignorance and in the workings of the recesses of human consciousness.

These are subtle problems facing administrator and missionary. One solution is the administration of an equally potent oath which overrides the anti-social oath. Something of this nature developed in connexion with the Athi Society. When "accidents" occurred they were attributed to walking over ground where, long ago, an athi stick had been placed. Its evil agency continued in the place, but the danger could be averted by special "doctors" who performed cleansing rites. Such doctors exist even to-day. Another instance is provided by the head-hunters of New Guinea. They had been bound to diabolical promises, but the Government installed a doctor who administered an overriding oath and performed the requisite cleansing. And whilst the other doctors charged high fees for their services the Government doctor performed his free. It worked! But the Kikuyu today live in a less simple age, and to suggest a naive cure to cover everyone, pagan, educated, the frustrated and the Christian, would be to court ignominy. The government must see that real or alleged grievances are dealt with, and dealt with promptly and publicly. Furthermore, political societies, trade unions and similar associations must be legalised. As one African put it, this would satisfy their feeling after community, but (as he also pointed out) there should also be protection for any who wished to remain outside such associations. In addition, it is most necessary that there be continuous close personal contact between the Kikuyu (and other groups); this makes for understanding as well as for an up-to-date "intelligence". The latter is now the concern of the military, but it is important that it develop outside the military pattern and in a civil context. Where continuous personal contact is lacking, education can easily worsen the situation, as has happened in Kikuyuland.

(ii) *Tribal Traditions.* The life of an African has been likened to going through a series of rooms, the doors of which open and close as he grows older and enters upon different stages of tribal community life. The oath, teaching and ceremony relevant to each room or grade make each member feel that he or she is very much a part of the tribe. This feeling that one is "of" the tribe is very important. Few attempt to think things out for themselves. Probably this is why they have often escaped the tensions which beset the innovator and the unorthodox.

With the sense of oneness with their fellows there goes a feeling of security. Thus the smiling faces and carefree laughter, marked characteristics of African peoples. But disruption has intervened. Westerners have come to stay, and (unlike the Arabs and Indians) have not adapted themselves to the African tempo and way of life. They have brought practices and conceptions utterly alien to Africa. Two, in particular, have been tantalisingly held before young Africa and have led to tension and considerable confusion; these are the conceptions of time and of self-hood. There is a Swahili proverb "Haraka, haraka, haina baraka" (hurry, hurry has no blessing). The African has lived up to that. He knows unending patience. Before the coming of the white man time was marked only by events, a birth or death, victory in a tribal war, the appearance of the Pleiades (the sign for planting to begin), and so on. Today thousands migrate to the towns; factory and office work begin and end according to the clock. Hurry, not patience, is presented as the virtue. A safari in Rhodesia was going well and one evening, as we were talking around the camp fire, our African companion told of his friends who worked in the homes of the Europeans. They could wander into any room, listen in to any conversation (for it was never suspected that their scrappy knowledge of English would suffice for them to grasp what was said). As he unravelled his story he revealed in an uncanny way how young Africa was learning about the White man and his way of life. Some things he said were erroneous, mostly they were right. It was, indeed, a judgment on the white man, and that despite the schools, leprosy cures, hospitals and other good things he had brought. Later that evening, in the solitude of the great African veldt, confidence deepened and then he told of the patience he and his people possessed: it seemed, he said, so natural to them to be patient. He spoke of the deep longing for the land and added that they could contemplate waiting a century for what they considered their rights. Alas, he said that he thought the day for which they waited would come only when they had learnt to use the white man's weapons and could drive him out. Of course not all think like that—generally the better educated do not. The point, however, is that it was said in a matter-of-fact tone, without emotion. Time does not mean for them what it does for us, but once they take action it is irrespective of the cost involved.

The other alien concept, that of self-hood, is fundamental with us. In business and commerce, in education, we think of competition and examinations, of personal prowess; in religion we think in terms of individual salvation. The African idea of the good life is entirely opposite. He is first and last a partner in his tribe, the tribe that consists of the departed as well as the living. It is the tribe (deceased and living) that holds the land as from the gods of the fathers. The desire (it may be a curse) of a deceased dominates the consciousness of succeeding generations. At a birth or death relatives come from far and near, not deflected by personal inconvenience, walking for perhaps several days. All members of the clan assist any member in need. This is seen under modern conditions in the way all help towards school fees. As soon as an elder brother leaves school and gets a job he, without questioning it, contributes to the schooling of a younger brother or sister. All this

makes for solidarity and for a social insurance more effective than anything we have devised—and one which works without civil servants, offices or written regulations. The whole tribe is held together by this sense of *Gemeinschaft* or *Blutsbrüderschaft*. On this solidarity, a solidarity experienced rather than reasoned about, Mau Mau leaders capitalise. Many who despise the movement and its leaders, are gripped by fear, terrified at what might happen if they broke with the oath and the tribal one-ness. Hope lies in the fact that many of Mau Mau's diabolical practices are quite foreign to African tribal law and custom, and as protection is afforded the erstwhile frightened followers will seek the cleansing already referred to, or, if Christians, confess and repent.

iii. *The Mental Life.* It is highly important, if we are to understand what is happening today and if there is to be co-operation with the African, that we grasp something of his mental make-up and of his inner life. We know something of his ability in the sphere of memory. In one piece of research it was found that a Swazi remembered correctly all details of a cattle sale held many years before, he recalled the size, colour, markings and other details of every beast. This type of memory is commonplace among Africans, especially the illiterate. In the African, memory is developed to a phenomenal degree. Cecil Gray believes that music is the art in which pagan as well as classical values find their greatest expression. He claims that music provides the best key to the understanding of the inner spirit and that the modern conception of music links up with the oldest and most primitive. If this is so, African music opens on to a practically undiscovered country. Any of us who has listened to their music will have experienced a different "feeling-tone" compared with our own. To mention only one aspect: African music has a peculiarly developed rhythmic structure. This is created by drumming, hand-clapping, jumping, together with chorus and solo voices adding their rhythms to the complete ensemble. Few, if any, Europeans are able to reproduce the resultant effect without considerable practice, yet it appears second nature to the African: without rehearsal the villagers come together and produce works of real musical art spontaneously. It appears, then, that African music is the expression of an inner mental life to which we Westerners are strangers.

With them the group mind predominates; instinct holds sway to an extent not permitted in European civilisation. In his unsophisticated naturalism the African expresses his inner life in uninhibited ways (as witness the activities of dance and song). He is uninhibited because he has not yet developed the ego or self-consciousness, this ego-consciousness which prompts us to scientific research and to invention (also, let us not forget, to materialism). The ego-consciousness enables our attention to fasten on to anything the individual wishes, mathematics, aeroplanes, theology, art, atomic warfare, anything. Then according to the person's intellectual capacity he analyses the thing or concept, thereby aiming at "understanding" and control. Primitive consciousness is at the mercy of the group-mind; mind in which the departed continue to function, mind in which time and space are inter-changeable and, to some extent, undifferentiated. (In Swahili the expression for time and for space is identical). This type of mind appears to be receptive, in a general way,

to what another is thinking or feeling. (The extra-sensory experiments of Drs. J. B. Rhine and S. G. Soal confirm the possibility of this). It may explain, too, how some Africans seem to be able to find an object hidden in the bush; in one experiment an African who claimed this power walked unhesitatingly to the spot where the object had been secreted.

Again, difference in mental outlook between European and Bantu is reflected in their respective languages. We noted earlier that the Swahili expression for time and place is identical. In general we use our language to convey detailed and accurate descriptions and to help us in our analysis of a thing or situation. Bantu languages are pictorial and poetic rather than precision instruments: they convey feeling. Often a Bantu word has many meanings. For example, if a man speaks to you about a pot he may mean just a pot; more likely he is referring to your daughter! "Breaking a pot" is the symbol of death: "setting a pot" is an important hunting-rite (perhaps to conciliate the spirits of animals killed in the hunt). It should cause no surprise, then, that there were difficulties over translations in the Jomo Kenyatta case. It is, probably, impossible to "translate" to the satisfaction of the law courts certain alleged statements of Kenyatta or the analogies in the Kikuyu (pagan) hymn-book. These verbal pictures and analogies stir up feeling, explain it in terms of group-mind or otherwise, which feeling inevitably explodes unless released in the dance-song or along the more difficult path of creative art and work. The verbal imagery stirs up group feelings which when further worked upon by magnetic leaders, such as Kenyatta, lead to mass action of an uncalculated kind, violent and daemonic. An almost supernatural administration, understanding African mentality, is needed if these are to be controlled and transformed into co-operative activity. Interpretation of African music is a task for the specialist, but knowledge of his language is possible to the many. Yet few Europeans, whether officials, missionaries or settlers, speak Kikuyu fluently. How then can they gain insight into the symbolism and inner meaning of the Kikuyu thought-world?

We have noted the hold which the oath has over primitive peoples; we have seen how the tribesman's life has security and is integrated, although at a different level of development from ours. We have seen, too, that his inner life functions with a different feeling-tone from ours and that this penetrates all his thoughts and actions. But problems and conflicts occur as the African meets the individualism and assertiveness of Western man. An eruption has occurred. However, the picture is not entirely black. Forces of law and order are compelling respect, and there is a healthy criticism when they overstep the mark. Mass punishment applicable to the group-mind, will not serve its purpose as self-hood emerges. One must question, too, the wisdom of closing all independent schools: some undoubtedly were used for nefarious purposes, but the fact remains that they were the expression of the new self-hood and a little more imaginative administration might have weaned some into a healthy co-operation or, at least, away from being merely hostile. The way out of the impasse lies in continuous personal contacts. Such seemingly simple, although time consuming, role of administrator, missionary and settler provides a content for the emergent and virile self-hood. But of course if the European himself is not mature, self-disciplined and un-

selfish he cannot play the role. Without men of good intent, Kikuyu and European, meeting often and leisurely, the new ego-consciousness will focus on phantasies (instead of working through to analysis and understanding): it will focus on the unsatisfied land needs and on a hundred and one real or imaginery grievances. Then the group mind reasserts itself, leading to unprovoked violence, suicides, hatred and all uncharitableness. That, as I see it, is what is happening today. The African must have more land and better conditions in the towns. Asians and Arabs must also be included. In the old dispensation the African led an integrated life: unconsciously, he is now seeking a new integration. And the road to this, to creative development, is that of personal relationship, through the pervasiveness of sympathetic, unselfish, mature personalities. Fear breeds more fear. The mature personality remains calm amidst provocation; his presence stills the evil of the uncivilised group mentality. Then, when the frenzy has passed, he is there to share in the discoveries of what living together can mean.

E. G. WYATT.

THE CANADIAN ELECTION

BY general consent the Canadian federal election campaign which ended in the sweeping victory of the Liberal government on August 10th last was the dullest, dreariest and drowsiest within living memory. An unusually light vote was cast. Out of some eight and a half million citizens eligible to vote only five and a half million voted. The date of the election, an inconvenient one for many farmers busy with harvesting and for many urban dwellers away on their summer holidays, was no doubt chosen by the government so as to get the voting over before the slump in wheat prices and the expected general recession in business had had time to create any significant body of discontented citizens. And the general prosperity of the country, with the high level of employment, made it inevitable in such conditions that the Liberal government would be re-elected. Nevertheless, such widespread apathy as was evinced by the Canadian electorate is not a healthy thing in a democracy. Nor was apathy altogether due to prosperity and to summer weather. The Canadian party system, as it is operating just now, does not present an effective alternative party to the Liberals, so that the democratic ritual of August 10th was felt by everyone to be somewhat unreal.

The element of unreality is best illustrated by considering the difference between the Canadian election of 1953 and the American Presidential election of the previous year. Canadians are well known to take their pleasures sadly, but many Canadians must have wondered during these past few months why it is that the Americans seem to get so much more fun out of their politics than we do out of ours. When people get genuine, spontaneous fun out of anything that they do, business or pleasure, that activity is likely to be in a pretty healthy condition. Thousands of Canadians followed the American party conventions in the summer of 1952 with eager attention, and they became much more excited over the

ensuing struggle between Democrats and Republicans than they did over the struggle a year later among Liberals, Conservatives, C.C.F'ers and Social Crediters. This in spite of the fact that all Canadians express a prim, genteel, Canadian disapproval of the circus aspects of American politics. The difference between the two election campaigns was essentially that in the United States there was a real fight. First came the exciting fight in each party convention between its left wing and its right wing, to which Canadians could listen for hours each day on their radios; and there was no doubt that the candidates and policies which emerged from these fights represented a genuine majority democratic decision made by each party. Then followed the election campaign from August to November, 1952—another real fight over real issues. And after a long fierce process of debate the American people decided: for one thing, that by hook or by crook the war and the bloodshed in Korea must be brought to an end; for another, that the lavish expenditure of the American taxpayer's money in Europe and other parts of the overseas world must be checked; and, in domestic politics, that the management of the American economy should be handed back to the business leaders who controlled it before 1933. These decisions may not have been wise ones, but they were genuine democratic choices made by the American people themselves. This is why the American election was interesting and exciting. In Canada our party system, at least as it is working at present, does not give the voters this opportunity to make these genuine democratic choices.

The result of the elections was that in a House of Commons of 265 seats the Liberals won 170 seats (including two by acclamation), the Conservatives won 51, the C.C.F. (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation) 23, the Social Credit party 15, with six seats going to a variety of independents. The Labour-Progressive party (Communist), though it ran 100 candidates, did not elect a single one. The Liberals captured all seven seats in Newfoundland, 3 out of 4 in Prince Edward Island, 10 out of 12 in Nova Scotia, 7 out of 10 in New Brunswick, 66 out of 75 in Quebec (plus two independent Liberals), 50 out of 85 in Ontario (plus one Liberal-Labourite), 8 out of 14 in Manitoba, 5 out of 17 in Saskatchewan, 4 out of 17 in Alberta, 8 out of 22 in British Columbia, and the two seats in the North-West Territories. It will be observed that the Liberal majority dies out as one passes west from Manitoba. The majority was largest in Quebec, as it has been ever since Laurier captured it in 1896. But the common impression that the Liberals depend upon Quebec for their national majority is not correct. Outside of Quebec they have a majority over all other parties combined. Incidentally, the armed services, who have not been supposed to like the Liberal government, gave 65 per cent. of their votes to the Liberals, 21 per cent. to the Conservatives, and only 8 per cent. to the C.C.F. which at the end of the war was understood to be the most popular of all the parties among Canadian fighting men.

The overwhelming majority of seats in the House of Commons—only a slight reduction from the unprecedented ascendancy reached by the Liberals in the 1949 election, when they won 194 seats in a House of 262—is not an accurate reflection of the balance of the voting in the country at large. In 1949, when the Liberals won a majority of seats such as no party had ever won before in Canadian history, they received just under

50 per cent. of the total popular vote. This year they received 48 per cent. of the total vote. The Conservatives have been the most bitterly disappointed party in this election. In 1949, under their new leader, Mr. George Drew, they won only 30 per cent. of the vote, and this was generally taken to be an emphatic repudiation by the people of the Drew leadership. Now, after four years more of effort, their percentage has risen to 31. The third party, the C.C.F., has gone slowly down in popular support since it reached its greatest success in the first post-war election in 1945. In that year it won 16 per cent. of the vote and captured 29 seats. In 1949 its percentage of the vote sank to 13, and its number of seats to 13 also. This year it has between 11 and 12 per cent. of the votes, but has won 23 seats because of successes in Saskatchewan where it is most strongly concentrated. Social Credit, whose main base is in Alberta, with just under 6 per cent. of the total national vote this year, won 15 seats, all in Alberta or British Columbia.

Canada is obviously a country where advocates of Proportional Representation might be expected to be vocal and well organised. For these fantastic differences between voting strength and seats won have shown up in practically every national election since 1921. But such is Canadian political apathy that this phenomenon causes very little discussion. In this 1953 election the Liberals needed an average of 15,546 votes to win a seat; the Conservatives needed an average of 33,562 votes; the C.C.F. an average of 27,212; and the Social Credit party an average of 20,654 votes. When the voting by provinces is investigated, still further anomalies appear. Thus Quebec, which seems so overwhelmingly Liberal, actually gave 424,671 votes to the Conservatives and 865,571 to the Liberals; but only 4 Conservatives were elected as against 66 Liberals. The C.C.F. party is supposed to be concentrated in Saskatchewan where there has been a C.C.F. provincial government since 1944, and where 11 C.C.F.'ers were elected to Ottawa in this federal election out of the province's total membership at Ottawa of 17. But actually in Ontario, where only one C.C.F. candidate was elected, there were many more C.C.F. votes cast than either in Saskatchewan or in British Columbia, the second centre of C.C.F. strength. And many more illustrations could be given of the bizarre working of the Canadian electoral system in a country which has four parties in national politics and which elects its representative assembly from single-member constituencies.

Against this Liberal predominance in Canadian federal politics there is to be placed a curious factor in the working of the political party system which has become more and more marked in recent years. Canadians are getting into the habit of voting one way federally and another way provincially. Four of the provinces at present have Liberal governments in office and also send Liberal majorities to the federal parliament at Ottawa—Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. But these are obviously not the main centres of Canadian population or wealth. One of the provinces, Alberta, has been steadily "agin the government" at Ottawa since the end of World War I. At first in the 1920's it elected a U.F.A. government (United Farmers of Alberta) and sent a U.F.A. majority to Ottawa; then in 1935 it shifted to a Social Credit government in Edmonton, and since then it has sent a Social Credit

majority to Ottawa. Of the other provinces, British Columbia in two successive provincial elections, in 1952 and 1953, decisively repudiated the Liberals and elected a Social Credit government (headed by a leader who had been a Conservative till a few months before the 1952 election); but now in the 1953 federal election it sends more Liberals than Social Crediters to Ottawa. Saskatchewan was generally Liberal till 1944 when it elected a C.C.F. provincial government, but it has hesitated since then whether to send Liberals or C.C.F.'ers to Ottawa, this year deciding for a C.C.F. majority. Ontario in the last two federal elections, in 1949 and 1953, surprised the rest of the country by electing a majority of Liberals; but in between, in the provincial election of 1952, it elected a Conservative government in a resounding victory which seemed almost to wipe the Liberal party off the Ontario map. New Brunswick last year ejected a Liberal provincial government from office, but this year in the federal election it sends a majority of Liberals to Ottawa. Quebec appears to be in the most schizophrenic condition of all. It has in provincial office the most violently anti-Liberal, anti-federal government of any province in Canada, the Union Nationale government under M. Maurice Duplessis. But federally it votes for the Liberal party with the biggest majority of any province.

What is happening is apparently that the Canadian people, in some instinctive subconscious way, are achieving a balance of power in their political system so as to prevent a too great concentration of power in the hands of any government at Ottawa. The natural way to do this, one would think, would be to elect a strong Opposition to Ottawa. But the opposition is split among three ineffective splinter parties. Evidently the Canadian voters prefer to continue to re-elect the Liberals to office in Ottawa, as they have now done without a break since 1935, and as they have done with only two slight breaks since 1921—a break of a few weeks in 1926 when the Conservatives were in office under Mr. Meighen, and a break of five years in 1930-1935 when there was a Conservative government under Mr. Bennett. But then, to counter the danger of this long Liberal monopoly of federal office, they elect anti-Liberal governments in the provinces, to embarrass and thwart the Ottawa government in every way possible. In effect Social Credit is the provincial-rights party of Alberta and British Columbia, the C.C.F. is the provincial-rights party of Saskatchewan, the Conservatives form the provincial-rights party of Ontario and New Brunswick, and the Union Nationale is, as it most vociferously professes to be, the provincial-rights party of Quebec. But since all these local parties except the Union Nationale, seek votes in other provinces, the result is a curious kind of politics which leads to disquieting reflections as to what can possibly be the meaning, in the Canadian environment, of the terms Liberalism, Conservatism, Socialism, Social Credit; and as to whether political parties in a system like this can have any consistent principles at all. For political parties are in the end only associations of voters.

The individual chiefly responsible for this system was the late Mr. Mackenzie King, who was Prime Minister of Canada for a longer period than any other individual has ever been Prime Minister in any self-governing British country. He built up his Liberal party, after its

disasters in the Conscription crisis of 1917, to be the only truly national party in Canada, i.e. a party which could collect votes (and win seats) from every significant interest-group in the community—geographical, racial, religious, linguistic, economic. The Canadian Liberal party is a national party in the classical North American sense. Its philosophy and its policies may be very hard to define (as are those of the Republican and the Democratic parties), but it succeeds in gathering together into some kind of unity under its banners voters from all groups in the country; it overcomes both the vertical divisions of geography and the horizontal divisions of class. In a loosely knit continental country like Canada or the United States such a party seems to be the only kind of party capable of government. At any rate, it saves us from European coalitions.

Mr. King reduced the other parties in his day to the status of splinter groups. The 1953 election shows that none of them has yet succeeded in rising above this status. The Conservatives under their successive leaders since the retirement of Sir Robert Boyden have shown none of this Liberal capacity for making as many divergent groups as possible more conscious of what unites them and less conscious of what divides them. The essence of political leadership in North America is to succeed in this difficult function. The C.C.F. party, which was launched in 1932 as a moderate Fabian socialist party on the model of the British Labour party, was an attempt to introduce into Canadian politics the British as distinguished from the North American pattern, i.e. a division between a Left party and a Right party. Its hope was to drive Liberals and Conservatives together on the Right. But Mr. King's North American politics has defeated it. The Social Credit party started in 1935 with a set of mystic evangelical doctrines about the achievement of salvation through the manipulation of credit and currency. What these doctrines really meant was the secret of the Englishman, Major Douglas, and the secret lies buried in his grave. But Social Credit continues to flourish in Alberta as a highly conservative movement, for it now floats happily on a gushing tide of oil royalties. It has successfully invaded British Columbia, but all its efforts to expand eastward have been flat failures.

One result of this long blanketing of the country by the Liberal party is that the Canadian second House, the Senate, is approaching the condition of a one-party chamber. The original intention of the Fathers, or so they professed in 1867, was to create a second house which would act as a protector of the provinces against the pressure of the central government. But by a curious act of statesmanship, they entrusted the appointment of members of this house to the federal Prime Minister, against whose power, presumably, provincial rights were to be protected. The realities of power politics were hidden from the public of the time by the sacred phraseology which vested the function of appointment in the Crown. The Prime Minister, naturally enough, always appoints his own political followers. No C.C.F'er or Social Crediter has yet sat in the Senate; and since no Conservative appointment has been made since 1935 and the death rate among Senators is high, the Senate will soon be composed entirely of Liberals.

So far this article has said not a word about the particular issues of the election of August 10th. This has been deliberate, for in effect there were

no issues about which the Canadian voter could make a decision. There was no alternative party to the Liberals. If they did not get a majority there would be chaos, since no other party had the faintest chance of approaching majority status. So the Liberals were re-elected. They promised nothing definite and they are committed to nothing in particular. The Conservatives promised to cut taxes by an enormous sum and at the same time to initiate a great variety of new expenditures. Bait of this kind was properly rejected by the voters. But in its net effect the election did not perform the function which in democratic theory general elections are supposed to perform. There was no clearing of the national mind by effective debate on the real issues which face the country. International relations were discussed only in such vague generalities as to leave the Department of External Affairs free to conduct our foreign policy on its own responsibility without consulting either parliament or people, as it used to do in Mr. King's day. Both Conservatives and C.C.F. were inclined to criticise the trend in our trade relations which ties us ever more closely to the American rather than to the British market; but neither of them had any effective policy by which the inherent defects and uncertainties of the British market can be overcome. What will be done in the case of a world economic recession nobody knows, except, presumably, the expert Civil Servants in the Department of Finance and the Department of Trade and Commerce. If our economy continues healthy nobody cares about these questions. If it falls sick, the Liberals have a doctor's mandate.

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* The figures used in this article are based upon incomplete returns of the election of August 10th; they will be subject to slight revision when the complete election results are tabulated, but not to any significant changes.

HUNGARY UNDER HORTHY

"**T**HAT was my first diplomatic defeat, thanks to Horthy." Admiral Nikolaus von Horthy, Regent of Hungary from 1919 until 1944, quotes this sentence of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in his autobiography, "*Ein Leben für Ungarn*" (A life for Hungary).¹ During the first war, the young Roosevelt—as he later recalled it to J. F. Montgomery, the one-time U.S. Minister in Budapest—had been sent to Italy to urge increased activity of the Italian fleet; the Italians, however, appeared to be somewhat scared of the daring Austro-Hungarian seahawks cruising the Adriatic, of whom perhaps Horthy was the most prominent. As he invoked President Roosevelt to testify for his gallantry, so does Horthy invoke Admiral Mark Kerr to testify for his "maritime chivalry" in the sea-battles. With Sir Winston Churchill Horthy enters some mild polemics. He takes exception on one sentence in particular on the Czechoslovak crisis in 1938, in the first volume of the British statesman's War Memoirs: "Horthy had visited Germany at the end of August, 1938, but Hitler had been very reserved in his attitude." Horthy feels that, in

¹ Athenäum Verlag Bonn 1953.

this sentence, Churchill implied that it had been Horthy who goaded Hitler to action, while the Führer was for moderation. Horthy, of course, goes out of his way to emphasize that he was the one to advise Hitler against the war. Even so, Horthy appears at that point far too sensitive: what Churchill probably meant was that Hitler had been reserved in his promises to his Hungarian guest, not in his bellicose mood regarding Czechoslovakia. Churchill must know very well that Hitler did not need Horthy's prodding to become aggressive.

Horthy relates how he exhorted Hitler about the necessity of an Anglo-German understanding; how he pleaded with President Moscicki and other Polish leaders for a settlement with Germany in view of the common Russian menace; how he warned the Americans about the dangers of the French-Czechoslovak-Russian Alliance. Near the end, the autobiography almost takes a turn towards the grand guignol, when he describes how, at his last visit to Hitler in March 1944 in Klessheim—on the eve of the German occupation of Hungary—he meant to carry a pistol in his pocket, knowing that he—a foreign head of state—would not be searched before being admitted to Hitler's presence, as Hitler's own generals were. As these random samples show, Horthy's book is not void of events with international significance. Yet all these, and similar episodes, take us back into the past: a past that is too near to be history and too far to be topical. The book has, however, another aspect, one that—as many of us hope—is a shadow of the future. That is Horthy's domestic policy: the grappling of conservative leaders with the problems of a post-Communist world.

Within not quite one year—from October 1918 to May 1919—Hungary went all the way from Apostolic Monarchy through Jacobin democracy to Communist tyranny. Hungarian historians like to emphasize that at the moment of the political collapse in 1918 not a single foreign soldier stood on Hungarian soil; according to their view, it was not the defeat that caused the revolution, but the revolution that caused the defeat. By claiming that, they unwittingly subscribe to the theory that the historic Hungarian society that lay prostrate in May 1919, was not a victim of a violent death by external onslaught, but passed away by the natural causes of internal disintegration. Yet the Entente blockade as well as the Czech and Rumanian invasion against Bela Kun's Communist regime enabled Admiral Horthy and the other members and adherents of the old ruling class to set foot first in the South, then in the West of Hungary; finally, in August 1919, Horthy, the Admiral on horseback, could ride into Budapest at the head of the reorganised "national army". The National Assembly soon elected him the Regent of Hungary.

Now it was up to Horthy to build a new society on the ruins of the old world and on the ashes of a petered-out revolution. Yet to-day we learn from his book that he never even thought of a new society. It is true that in 1921 he thwarted two attempts of his former Sovereign, Emperor and King Charles the Fourth, to return to the throne—the second time by force of arms,¹—but he only did it to avoid dangerous international complications; he never doubted the Hapsburg dynasty's right of succession

¹ After his second return the King had to be handed over to the Entente Mission in Hungary; the British took him to Madeira, where he died in 1922.

to the Hungarian throne. For this very reason he declined the offer of a group of Hungarian dignitaries, who, in 1922, made the suggestion that the constitutional problem should be solved by Horthy's acceptance of the crown.¹ Horthy remained at heart the loyal courtier of his beloved Monarch, Kaiser und König Franz Josef, to whom he was an A.D.C. from 1909 to 1914, in the course of his naval career. He never had in mind the building of a new world; all he aimed at was to restore the old one. The admiral without a fleet set out to rule a kingdom without a king. Yet Horthy was not a king. The regime that, thus, lacked in traditional continuity, had to make up for it with a strong police force and a wide spy system. But the regime knew how to fight on the ideological field as well.

While in the West—even in countries, where the old ruling classes virtually retained the upper hand—the aristocracy took up, at least externally, the ways and ideas of the broad masses, in Hungary the practices of the hereditary aristocracy percolated down into the life of the common people. Horthy created a new "popular aristocracy," the Order of Heroes, of the best decorated soldiers of the first war, headed by himself. It is interesting to note that the title of "Hero" (Vitéz)—unlike most Continental titles—went down in the family like the title of "Lord" in the United Kingdom: only the eldest son inherited it. The membership ranged from minister to simple peasant and those within its ranks—linked together by the common bond of honours and privileges—formed a staunch bodyguard around the regime. And a new and wide caste system developed around the civil and municipal and other public services, with guaranteed jobs bequeathed from father to son. This new, Horthyite aristocracy—which, to be sure, was brought into being in order to support, not to supplant the old, historic one—got its final confirmation in 1941, when Horthy's elder son, Stephan, was elected by Parliament to become his father's deputy in the Regency—although his mandate did not extend to the right of succession.²

For a quarter of a century the old-cum-new ruling class of the Magyars understood how to transform the social passions of the people into national passions, the social energies into national energies. The Trianon Peace Treaty in 1921 deprived Hungary of the two-thirds of her historic territory within the natural frontiers of the Carpathian mountains and her population decreased—after the loss of the Slovak, Serb, Croat, and Rumanian as well as several millions of Hungarian nationals—from 20 to 8 millions. It was, therefore, easy to represent the Treaty of Trianon as the source of all evils, general and individual. It is understandable that Horthy avoids many painful details of the period of his Regency, like the problems of urban unemployment and rural poverty. In his brief accounts of domestic affairs he prefers to write about the limited land reform, mostly in favour of the "Heroes," and the industrial expansion under his stewardship; he devotes a far bigger part of his book to international developments. The consequences of the Trianon Peace Treaty, the encirclement by the Small

¹ The kings of Hungary were Catholics by ancient tradition. Had Horthy, who is a Protestant, accepted the crown, it would have caused serious constitutional difficulties.

² Soon after his election Stephan von Horthy was killed in an air-crash over Russia, probably engineered—according to his father—by German secret agents, who discovered that the young Horthy was no admirer of the Third Reich.

Entente states—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania—the fear of a resurgent Communism, all drove Horthy's Hungary, after 1933, into alliance with Hitler's Germany. Such an alliance with National Socialism had its repercussions also on Hungary's domestic politics. In 1918 the old Hungarian society had disintegrated; after 1935, the society that Horthy galvanised to new life threatened to crack.

By 1938 the revolutionaries of the Left were safely under control: they were driven underground by the concerted efforts of the army, the police, the "Heroes," the civil service, the patriotic women and youth organisations the expanded but centrally supervised school system. In the countryside the Horthy regime succeeded in the restoration of the old semi-feudal order. The old nobility that had suffered in 1919 its social death and miraculously revived a few months later, was, by 1938, restored to property and prestige. And the "ghosts" held the power firmly in their hands. In Budapest and in the other cities the mixed middle class—mostly of German and Jewish descent—continued to exert an influence. As a considerable number of Jews had played a prominent part during the Revolution in 1918 and the Communism in 1919, the entire Jewish population was to some extent disqualified for the whole duration of the Horthy era, but their economic importance remained still practically untrammelled. Until Hitler's rise in Germany, Horthy's "consolidated" system—the combination of feudalism and capitalism supported by the columns of uniformed and non-uniformed Janissaries—appeared to most Hungarians the only possible alternative to Communism. They liked or disliked it for that reason, each according to his own principles and preferences.

Hitler, however, proved to the Magyars—and the non-Magyar minorities still living within the frontiers of the shrunken country—that nationalist respectability can go together with politico-social radicalism. The Hungarian middle and lower-middle classes—even those, who thanked their existence to the "Horthy set"—discovered with delight that in the brave new world opened up by the Austrian corporal one could be at the same time conservative and revolutionary. The German origin, so frequent among the Hungarian big and petite bourgeoisie, may also have accounted for the loud response to Hitlerism. These rather inflated middle and lower-middle classes—George Pálóczi-Horváth puts their size to about a quarter of the whole population—were, by and large, satisfied with their existence; by no means did they intend to overthrow a system which had already granted them quite a number of privileges. Yet, like most people, they would have welcomed some further improvement in their lot. Especially, if that could be obtained at the expense of the "Jewish Capitalist," and—perhaps—the "Feudal Reactionary." The voices for a "limited objective" revolution were not echoed merely by the rank and file: they were taken up by disgruntled Horthy politicians, ambitious army officers and by some of the big landowners and businessmen, who were—obviously—quick to recognise the advantages of a "revolution," that promised them protection instead of extinction. We witnessed the curious spectacle of wealthy aristocrats clamouring for radical reforms and penniless near-proletarians vituperating against Communism.

This "invisible front" of the rebellious "pretorian guard" was first satisfied to affect changes within the established hierarchy: the power shifted from Count Bethlen, Horthy's chief political adviser, to General Gömbös (family name: Graner), Horthy's chief military adviser. But after Gömbös's death in 1936, the bulk of the "invisible front" became gradually more and more ambitious: they were no longer satisfied with token changes, they wanted a total transformation of the existing political system—though not of the existing social order, to which they fundamentally still adhered. While the extreme Left was totally muzzled by the police and the public prosecutor, the extreme Right was allowed wide freedoms to present to the people an odd cocktail of anti-semitic, anti-capitalist, and anti-feudal slogans. By these means they did succeed to convert large sections of the rural and urban proletariat. Successive Governments tried to steal their thunder; adopted anti-Jewish catchwords and introduced certain anti-Jewish measures. The Socialist Member of Parliament, Anna Kéthly, aptly defined that anti-Jewish legislation as "a class war within the middle class." However, in 1939 the "invisible front" was no longer invisible and at the General Election in that year (the first and the last to be held by the new, secret ballot) the "Arrow Cross" emerged as the second largest Party under the leadership of an ex-major of the General Staff, Ferenc Szálasi. The extreme Right gradually grew bold and even their opposition to Horthy became more overt. The climax of the fight between the Regent and the "Arrow Cross" was reached when, some time after the 1939 elections, the "Heroes" within the ranks of Szálasi's Party resigned their title, i.e. their membership in the Horthy-nobility, as a protest against their leader's imprisonment. A more amusing feature of the struggle for power was, when Horthy dismissed Béla von Imrédy (family name: Heinrich), his pro-German Prime Minister, on the pretext that one of the latter's great-grandparents had been a Jew. Horthy stresses in his autobiography that the reason for Imrédy's dismissal was not his Jewish ancestry, but his anti-semitic policy.

When the war broke out in 1939, Horthy's main concern was how to keep Hungary out of it. When, in 1941, circumstances forced Hungary to enter the war on the side of Germany, his main concern became how to get Hungary out of it. Vague peace feelers abroad (partly with the help of the British Colonel Howie, who had escaped from a German prisoner of war camp, and afterwards, in Hungary operated a secret radio transmitter from Horthy's palace), and a mild flirtation with the political Left inside Hungary led to the German occupation and, finally, to Horthy's deposition and replacement by Szálasi on October 15, 1944. Horthy was imprisoned first by the Germans, then by the Americans, and only after many vicissitudes could he set up his new home in Estoril, in Portugal. He had to watch from the distance how the country that he had led to stability and temporary aggrandizement was to disappear behind the iron curtain.

His work was certainly not perfect: we may resent in particular that he did not allow the post-Communist Hungarian society—when the majority of the people were undoubtedly disillusioned with Communism—to find its new level by free development, but enforced upon it the broadened

replica of the old order. Yet, we must admit that, in a sense, he made the dead walk: his artificially re-vitalised society could live, overcome crises, and even expand. In 1919 the Hungary of the Hapsburgs collapsed from within; Horthy's Hungary had to be destroyed from without. Had Horthy's Hungary been left alone, we do not know, how she would have developed at the end. But we can say with certainty: had the Germans not occupied Hungary, she would not have gone National Socialist in 1944: had the Russians not occupied Hungary, she would not have gone Communist after 1945.

So much for the man who ruled Hungary for a quarter of a century. As for the country: many jokes were made of a kingdom without a king, ruled by a sailor without a sea; whose noisiest anti-semite was Imrédy, a Jew; traditionally allied to Poland and taking part in the war in alliance with Poland's arch-enemy; having no territorial claim against Russia, only against Rumania and Slovakia, yet fighting the war against Russia in alliance with Rumania and Slovakia. The country of many contrasts finally lost her independence by being overrun by her chief ally, Germany, and was, at the end, "liberated"—a contrast to end all contrasts—by Russia. We can to-day condense Hungary's history in the last thirty-odd years in one brief sentence: under Vienna-bred Horthy Hungary was a kingdom without a king, under Moscow-bred Rákosi (Roth) she became a republic without freedom.

GEORGE A. FLORIS.

TWO WAR NOVELS

PERHAPS the most tragic figure of our times is the "little man" in a totalitarian régime. In an old-fashioned autocracy or dictatorship he was not asked for his opinion: he was given orders which he could not but obey. Nowadays, however, democratic ideas have spread so wide that an up-to-date totalitarian régime will always consult the "Little man", deluding him into thinking that he has some influence on the government's decisions, just as if he lived in a democracy of the western pattern. In actual fact, of course, the question on which he is consulted is so worded that he can scarcely fail to give the desired answer. The resulting 98-99% vote in its favour is thereupon regarded by the régime as a blank cheque and, till the next plebiscite, the "little man" is merely a tool in the hands of the régime, a tool whose opinions and sufferings are of no consequence. Having been "consulted", the "little man" cannot protest against decisions and actions of the government, even if they bring untold sufferings upon him. Moreover, when such decisions and actions bring even greater sufferings upon another nation, the responsibility for these is no longer principally borne by the régime but is equally shared by him, for he has been consulted.

Obviously, the "little man's" efficiency as a tool is the greater, the more willing he is. And so totalitarian régimes attach particular importance to conditioning him. The writer cannot embark here on a study of

Theodor Plievier: Stalingrad. Verlag Kurt Desch, München, 1945.
Theodor Plievier: Moskau. Verlag Kurt Desch, München, 1952.

propaganda; suffice it to say that mankind, in acquiring an ever-increasing mastery over material nature, has also developed undreamt-of technical methods for influencing the minds of men. Both the Nazi régime in Germany and the communist régime in Russia have flattered themselves on their ability not only to transform nature but also to transform man, creating the "new man" in the former and the "soviet man" in the latter. And so it can be stated, with many reservations and many excuses but nevertheless categorically, that the "little man" proved a willing tool in Hitler's hands: he marched into Russia without pangs of conscience, for he had been deluded into thinking that by conquering Russia he would help create a new paradise on earth, admittedly an exclusive one for the use of Germans and their satellites. But then, he had been told—and was only too glad to believe—that the Russians were *Untermenschen* anyway.

The fate of the "little man" in a totalitarian society had been foreseen by Nietzsche; his predictions have proved to some extent correct. The trend which he anticipated has been followed to its logical conclusion by various authors, both English and German, e.g. Jens in his "Nein", who have described what might be termed "negative utopias". But most of these authors have described such societies of the future in peace-time. An equally interesting study, however, could be made of them in war-time. For war between totalitarian states has a different character from the European wars of the 18th and 19th centuries. The individual on both sides has lost his value and importance *qua* individual: for his own side he has become merely an expendable tool; for the enemy he has become not merely expendable but superfluous and undesirable, a weed to be extirpated. The days are gone when, as happened during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, French governesses could advertise in Berlin newspapers, offering their services; or when the Russian General Suvorov, at the end of the 18th century, told his soldiers not to kill the enemy soldiers unnecessarily because they too were human beings. Of course, there was much suffering and cruelty in the past, but much of it was due to the brutality of individual soldiers and officers or to inadequate technical means for alleviating distress. But, in theory at least, suffering was mitigated by Christianity or some other expression of human charity. In total war, however, there is no room for charity; the state has no conscience and just ignores the individual. The tragedy of it all, for the "little man", is that his own state—for which he has voted—shows no more feeling for his individual suffering than it does for that of his opposite number in the enemy army.

Plievier has been pleading for the underdog throughout his literary career, for instance in the widely translated "Des Kaisers Kuli" (1929). It was, presumably, his sympathy for the underdog that urged him to take part in the Wilhelmshaven sailors' revolt and to become the editor of the official organ of the (communist) *Spartakusbund*. With such a past he had to leave Nazi Germany in 1933. He spent the war years in Soviet Russia, where he belonged to the "Freies Deutschland" committee. But he had not sold his soul to communism, for on returning to Germany he moved into the Western Zone after first settling in Weimar, in the Eastern Zone.

In Russia he was given the opportunity of studying letters, diaries and

similar materials which had fallen into Russian hands, and of interviewing German prisoners of war. This unique opportunity he seized with both hands: he interviewed hundreds of Germans of all ranks, from Field-Marshal von Paulus down. The fruit of his researches was "Stalingrad" (1945). With the genuine tone struck in this epic of the underdog—reflecting the genuineness of the material—Plievier's *Tatsachenroman* almost immediately became a best-seller and its author an outstanding figure in German letters. Now that the German people had lost its illusions, discarded its delusions, suffered merciless hammering and humiliation, it identified itself with Plievier's underdog and saw in Plievier its spokesman as well as the spokesman of the humiliated "little man". What he did for the German soldier in "Stalingrad", Plievier has attempted to do for the Russian as well as for the German soldier in "Moskau", the second element in the projected trilogy which is to be completed with "Berlin".

In "Stalingrad" Plievier tells the story of the 300,000 Germans from November 1942 when they were cut off at Stalingrad up to the capture of the miserable band of survivors three months later. To begin with the 6th Army was still a powerful force, proud of its magnificent military efficiency and confident in its might: it could still have broken the ring of Russian troops and joined the main body, sacrificing, it is true, the chance of capturing Stalingrad that autumn but at any rate retaining its ability to fight another day. This it was categorically forbidden to do by Hitler. Moved by considerations not of strategy but of propaganda, Hitler obstinately refused to authorise either retreat, when retreat was still possible, or surrender: the 300,000 men were to give to the rest of the Germans an inspiring example of devotion to duty and loyalty to their *Führer* by allowing themselves to be killed or to die. Nobody at home was to know that this sacrifice on an unprecedented scale was perhaps not self-sacrifice, accepted willingly and with open eyes by 300,000 heroes. What Hitler had ordered, the generals and the officers carried out, though gradually they came to realise ever more clearly the military folly of their actions. By their "cursed, criminal, fatal obedience" they became Hitler's partners in crime.

To leave a large modern army in the middle of winter in the steppes of Southern Russia, cut off from its supply bases and surrounded by a fierce enemy, is to condemn it to rapid and inevitable disintegration. For the individual this means unbelievable suffering from cold, hunger, wounds, disease, fear and despair. The story of this disintegration is told in a few score episodes, each more ghastly than the next, taken from the life of a few dozen typical men. The cumulative effect is appalling. The squeamish reader had better leave "Stalingrad" unread. Different individuals reacted in a different way to the catastrophe: some died before losing their illusions, the 100% Nazi careerist collapsed morally and physically, the Prussian of the old school cursed Hitler, carried out his orders literally and sought death in battle, the typical "little man" tended eventually to realise the full extent of Hitler's criminality and his own partial responsibility. But often, by that time, his will to live had been broken. Two figures emerge, however, of men who have drawn a positive lesson from their experience: Gnotke, the humble N.C.O., and Vilshofen,

the distinguished officer. They do not give in to despair but march into captivity together, feeling that for making good the crimes that have been committed they are more useful alive than dead.

In "Moskau" Plievier uses the same technique to show how a similar tragedy unfolded itself on both the Russian and the German sides, between the start of the invasion in June 1941 and the collapse of the German assault on Moscow. Of outstanding interest is his thesis (whose correctness, of course, it is impossible to prove), that Russia was utterly unprepared to repel invasion: neither were the troops properly deployed or equipped, nor had any plans been made to fight on the defensive. The result was chaos on the Russian side, which not only caused the senseless sacrifice of countless Russians, but which almost brought about the collapse of the régime. For the régime it was of paramount importance not to "lose face": it had to find scapegoats who could be held responsible for the disaster. And so, in this case, it was the generals on the spot and the subordinate leaders who became the "little men" vis-à-vis the régime. Whether their tanks had fuel or not, whether their men had arms, munitions and food or not, whether in fact they themselves had men under their command or not, they were ordered to stand fast. Those who retired, rather than be taken prisoner or face the Germans with bare fists, were rounded up as deserters and, in innumerable cases, shot as traitors. But, unlike their German counterparts at Stalingrad, at least some Russian officers were good enough patriots to disobey orders in order to save at any rate some of their troops: they ordered these troops to retire to prepared positions—and were subsequently shot.

Suvorov told his subordinates: "If I give the command 'forward', and you see that it is impossible, do not go." A totalitarian régime does not allow this latitude to the individual. But it is not the individual alone that suffers: by stultifying individual initiative, the totalitarian régime reduces the military efficiency of its armies and exposes them to unnecessary disasters. It was, for instance, only when it allowed full scope to the individual's patriotic fervour that the Soviet régime retrieved its fortunes—taking advantage of the Nazis' folly in alienating such sympathies as they might have found among Russian anti-communists. But what does the loss of an army, what does the fate of the "little man"—be he officer or private soldier—matter to the totalitarian régime if it is successful in its enterprise or, for that matter, if it fails?

NICOLAS SOLLOHUB.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE IN PROUST'S JEAN SANTEUIL

THE publication in 1952 of Proust's *Jean Santeuil* was a major literary event. In his preface André Maurois explains the circumstances that led to the discovery of this early work, never published by the author himself, and shows how full of interest it is. It cannot, as a whole, compete in perfection with *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, to which it stands in the same relationship as the preliminary sketches of an artist to the finished picture. But some aspects of Proust's

development stand out with peculiar clarity in this "prefiguration" of the later masterpiece, which possesses, in Maurois' words, "*une beauté toute différente, plus négligée, plus hardie, parfois aussi plus émouvante.*" To no part of the book could this description be applied more accurately than to the pages which deal with the hero's relations with his family. This important theme is treated with a directness and even, at times, with a simplicity which are not only moving in themselves but help the reader to appreciate, at a deeper level, the subtle transformations which it undergoes in the more mature work.

It is natural that the theme of the family should be a prominent one in *Jean Santeuil*, for the first part of the novel—which, though written in the third person, is largely autobiographical—is chiefly concerned with the stresses of childhood and adolescence as they appeared to Proust when they still belonged, for him, to a recent past: "*L'essence même de ma vie recueillie sans y rien mêler, dans ces heures de déchirure où elle découle.*" From letters referred to by Maurois, it seems that the novel had been begun by 1896 and was laid aside in 1900, when Proust began his translation of Ruskin. It was therefore written approximately between his twenty-fifth and twenty-ninth year, at a time when both his parents were still alive.

The composition of the hero's family in *Jean Santeuil* resembles that in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, consisting of the parents and their only son. During their country holidays at Etreuilles—a first version of Combray—the Santeuil become absorbed into a family hierarchy in which various members of three generations live together under the same roof. But the decisive influences on the boy's upbringing come from his parents and from the maternal grandfather, M. Sandré, who is a member of their household in Paris. The immense influence which his parents and, most of all, his mother have on the impressionable child is made clear at the outset by a family drama which later receives a more finished but perhaps a less tragic expression in *Du Côté de chez Swann*. To the nervous boy, going to bed is a nightly torture and he counts on his mother's last visit and good-night kiss as his only passport to peaceful sleep. But one evening, when his parents are entertaining a friend, he is sent to bed without the hope of her usual visit. His mother is aware of his misery but refuses to yield to it because of her earnest desire to teach him control of his nerves. But, in the end, his despair brings on a hysterical crisis and she is obliged to go and comfort him, with the full approval of her husband, who is concerned by these symptoms of physical distress. The child finally goes to sleep, but not before he has heard his mother reply, in answer to the enquiry of the old servant: "*M. Jean ne sait pas lui-même ce qu'il a. Il souffre de ses nerfs.*" These words implant in his mind the fateful idea that he is not responsible for the actions to which he is driven by his nerves. He goes to sleep with a sense of triumph which is not softened, as in the later work, by sympathy for his mother's disappointment and which is all the more tragic because he has, in reality, sustained the most demoralising of defeats.

The sense of conflict continues to brood over the early years of Jean Santeuil's life and is no doubt the chief reason why he speaks of his "*sombre enfance.*" It is manifested again in his description of his

adolescent love for Marie Kossichief, a girl whom he meets at play in the Champs-Élysées. The incident is obviously a first version of Marcel's love for Gilberte in *Du Côté de chez Swann*. But, in the later work, the parents endure their son's infatuation with resignation, if not with enthusiasm; in *Jean Santeuil*, it is the mother who, concerned at the effect on her son's health, finally intervenes to put a stop to his visits to the Champs-Élysées, an action which is passionately resented by Jean.

The antagonism between the child and authority, as represented by his parents, is complicated by the implicit difference in their sense of values. The father is a successful administrator with an essentially practical mind. The mother, though possessed of a sensitiveness and imagination which make her much nearer to her son in temperament, is firmly convinced that her husband's type of intelligence is superior. The same humility is shown by the mother in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, but it is there portrayed with sympathy as well as with humour; here, on the other hand, it seems to be half resented by the son, who states categorically that Mme. Santeuil is in reality "*beaucoup plus intelligente que son mari*."—It may be that the sharp distinction that Proust later drew between the factual use of the intelligence and its far superior potentialities as an instrument for discovering general truths, though owing much to the philosophical climate of his age, also owes something to his early resentment at what he considered the undue emphasis placed by his family on values so different from his own.

Still more significant for the understanding of the stresses of Proust's adolescence is the Santeuil family's attitude towards art. Aesthetic appreciation is not likely to be found in M. Santeuil, and his wife, though she wishes her son to know something of French poetry, considers it at best as an amusement for leisure hours and says, with unconscious irony: "*... je ne souhaite pas à mon fils d'être un artiste de génie*." But it is remarkable that the most determined opposition to art comes, in the Santeuil family, from the very quarter where, in the later work, it finds the most ardent defender. The grandfather, M. Sandré, would like to see poetry omitted altogether from his grandson's education, not because of any arbitrary harshness, for he is devoted to the child, but because he is genuinely convinced of the lethal effects of a literary career. One has only to compare this attitude with that of the grandmother in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, who is so anxious to encourage the child's taste for art and literature, to realise how much less harmonious is the childhood portrayed in the earlier work.

But, in spite of this lack of harmony, a close bond of affection unites Jean to his family and particularly to his mother. When he goes to the *lycée*, the desire not to cause her grief is the only motive strong enough to make him react against the laziness which threatens to destroy his brilliant promise. Unfortunately, it often happens that the moment when he mentally resolves to abjure idleness synchronises with the moment when his exasperated parents finally lose all patience. The most serious of these misunderstandings occurs when Jean is nearing the end of his time at the *lycée*. One evening, when he is going to dine with a friend, his parents wrongly conclude that this is to be a preliminary to a night of debauchery. Furious at their injustice, Jean shuts himself up

in his room. When the first heat of his anger has passed, he is conscious of physical cold and takes a coat at random from a cupboard. It proves to be a velvet evening coat which his mother used to wear years before. It instantly recalls to him the picture of her as she used to look when she was young and happy; he realises that she is ageing, that anxiety over him has hastened the process, and that one day he will be forced to exist without "*la personne par rapport à qui il concevait tout.*" The scene ends with a reconciliation; it also marks the crucial point where the theme of family relationships blends with Proust's major theme of Time and in doing so acquires a gravity and a tenderness, deepened by remorse, which anticipate its fuller development in the future masterpiece.

In the following part of *Jean Santeuil* family relations do not play so vital a part, for Jean's horizon is no longer bounded by the walls of his home. He is initiated into aristocratic society and also, because of a friend's military service, into life in a garrison town. But the link with his family and particularly with his mother remains a strong one, as is shown by an episode later more fully developed in *le Côté de Guermantes*. During an absence from home, Jean, for the first time, hears his mother's voice on the telephone and realises its unique quality; purified from all egoism, it is the very accent of sympathy made audible: "*la douceur, la petite essence divine dont il a souvent rêvé.*"

The last part of *Jean Santeuil* continues the story of his youth, of his social triumphs and sufferings and of his love affairs, but at the same time it sheds valuable light on the development of his relations with his parents and on the increasing understanding between them. Jean, who is now learning to observe human nature in the salons, realises how much his way of looking at people has in common with his mother's, and the discovery is a source of pleasure to them both. But even more interesting is the great increase of sympathy noticeable in his attitude to his father. He is no longer so critical of his opinions or of his mother's devotion to him, and is delighted when she notices some trick of gesture which her husband and son have in common: "*Jean était heureux de se sentir ainsi lié à son père, fier de voir qu'il n'était plus un pauvre garçon tout seul.*" He rejoices to feel that he is no longer "an isolated individual" but the representative of a family. Here, for the first time, one has that sense of the family as a unity which makes the charm of the "perfect circle" of Combray in the later work.

But in *Jean Santeuil* Proust is already haunted by the tragedy of "*le Temps perdu*"; the perfect circle is already on the point of dissolution and the book ends with a picture of Jean's parents in their last years which is surely one of the finest he ever drew. He shows their increasing physical frailty with the same realism with which he was later to paint the ravages of time on a whole generation; but it is, characteristically, the inner change on which he concentrates. The father, while losing nothing of the authority of his character, becomes, with the approach of old age, capable of imaginative insight into his wife's concealed sorrows and of disinterested concern for the future of the son he has never wholly understood. His vocabulary is still that of a positivist, but the thoughts he now seeks to express belong to a different order. But it is the mother on whom the main light is concentrated, for she is the true heroine of *Jean Santeuil*.

In this delicate and complex portrait her son shows that she, too, has undergone change with the passing of time. She has come to recognize that her son will never be a man of action and even to desire his success as a writer, since that now seems his best preservative from an aimless existence. She has also come, by insensible degrees, to accept the fact that the society in which he now moves has standards completely alien to those of the world in which she has always lived. But, for herself, she retains the ideals that have made her what she is: her sense of duty, her selfless and complete devotion to husband and child. And her son, looking on his home at the moment when it is about to disappear, realises at last its full significance: "*Cette maison où Jean Santeuil est né, où il a grandi . . . regardez-la une dernière fois. Car l'humanité a beau se recommencer, c'est la maison antique.*"

When Proust wrote *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, his mother was dead, his home a memory. In his masterpiece the theme of the family recurs, with many variations; he relives his childhood in the ideal setting of Combray; he concentrates into the description of the grandmother's death all the anguish of family bereavement; he shows the cruelty, sometimes unconscious, of filial ingratitude, in episodes of which perhaps the most memorable occurs near the end of his vast chronicle, where the aged actress La Berma dies a victim of her daughter's egoism. It is true that the final solution to the problem of his tortured existence comes to him not through the medium of the family but through that of art. Yet, in the last pages of *Le Temps retrouvé*, the culminating volume of the entire cycle, he is carried back in imagination to that fatal evening of his childhood which he had first described long before in the opening chapter of *Jean Santeuil*: "*C'était de cette soirée, où ma mère avait abdiqué, que datait, avec la mort lente de ma grand'mère, le déclin de ma volonté, de ma santé.*" Surely, if he can confront the memory again, and this time with a new tranquillity, it is because he is at last conscious of having successfully asserted, by an almost unparalleled effort of artistic creation, the will power which had failed himself and his mother on that tragic night, because he is conscious of having given his intelligence to posterity as she gave her devotion to her son.

E. L. DUTHIE.

THE GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG

IT is probably unwise to credit Fate with a sense of humour, but one may be reasonably certain that Fate shares with Man that inherent weakness for the exceptional or the unusual. How else does one account for the existence of a little land of peace and plenty known as the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg? Your guidebook will tell you that Luxembourg is a small independent country with an area of 999 square miles and a population of 300,000. Yet it would take more than a book to depict the variegated charm of this miniature state, its rich panorama of hills and valleys and its extremely high standard of living. One can only deplore the fact that Luxembourg should be somewhat off the main route of international tourist travel. It has undoubtedly many claims to distinction, and not a few famous men have come away full of admiration for the country and its people. One of the first things that impresses

the foreign visitor is the individuality of the Luxemburgers. They, like their native land, have preserved a character all of their own despite the vicissitudes of a long history in which at least six larger nations have played a complex and not always creditable part. Nothing could convey a better picture of the Grand Duchy than Goethe's description in his "Memoirs". "Luxemburg", he said, "resembles nothing but itself."

To the British visitor it is indeed a pleasant surprise to find much to remind him of home. A journey through the Grand Duchy from North to South reveals a landscape curiously suggestive of Sussex one minute and Warwickshire the next. Nor is there any lack of historic associations some of them dating back to the seventh century when St. Willibrod, an English missionary from Northumbria, brought Christianity to Luxemburg and those parts of Western Europe which after the fall of the Roman Empire became the prey of paganism. And one's surprise is bound to grow still further on learning that for all its diminutive size Luxemburg is the seventh steel producer in the world. Two-thirds of her population derive their living from the iron-and-steel industry which turns out the full range of metallurgical products. Social legislation in the industry can be said to be among the most progressive of its kind. The steel works belong to three companies: ARBED (*Acieries Réunies de Burbach,-Eich-Dudelange*), HADIR (*Hauts-Fourneaux & Acieries de Dufferdange, St. Ingbert & Rumelange*), and the "*Société Minière & Metallurgique de Rodange*". Of these three ARBED is far and away the most important and ranks among the leading industrial concerns in Europe. At home, the company's "*pièce de resistance*" is the automatic, semi-continuous rolling-mill at Dudelange which produces sheets varying in thickness from 0.3 to 20 mm. and an annual capacity of 500,000 tons of rolled steel products. Abroad, ARBED is the owner of or has major interests in a number of steel plants both in Europe and South America as well as in cement, mines, etc. HADIR specialises in broad flanged beams (*Grey beams*)—the first company in the world to manufacture this particular type of steel product. In the Saar HADIR owns the St. Ingbert works, whose "*spécialité de la maison*" is strip-rolling, and in France the Ottrange works. The plant and machinery of the Luxemburg steel industry emerged relatively undamaged from the depredations of the Nazi occupation. After a slow start in the years following the end of hostilities the rate of production gathered momentum to reach the record figures of 3,157,069 tons of pig-iron and 3,077,021 tons of steel in 1951. The export side of the industry seems assured of stable markets overseas, and no storm warnings are likely to be out for a long time to come.

The great handicap to this intense activity is the lack of coke and coal. For her supplies of coke Luxemburg depends on imports of which 80 per cent are supplied by the Ruhr, the remainder by Belgium and the Netherlands. The same can be said of Luxemburg's supplies of iron-ore which are limited to a narrow strip of land along the French frontier. The rate of consumption of iron-ore by local blast-furnaces far exceeds the extent of deposits available in the Grand Duchy. As a result, iron-ore, too, has to be imported, the principal supplier being the neighbouring Lorraine basin. It is pleasant to record that, despite the concentration of steel works and other industries, Luxemburg is by no means over-

industrialised. Hillside orchards are a charming feature of the Moselle Valley, home of a wide range of celebrated light wines. And the extensive forests of the 'highlands' or E'sleck contribute their share to the national economy to keep the Grand Duchy self-supporting in all but industrial raw materials.

The marriage last April of Prince Jean of Luxemburg to Princess Josephine-Charlotte of Belgium did much to stimulate world interest in the affairs of the Grand Duchy. Politically, Luxemburg is a constitutional monarchy where executive power is vested in the Sovereign, a Minister of State (equivalent to a Prime Minister), and a Cabinet of five Ministers. Legislative power belongs to a Chamber of Deputies of 52 representatives. In addition to the government there is a Council of State of fifteen members, nominated for life by the Sovereign, with functions more or less similar to those of an Upper House. In their politics the people of Luxemburg incline towards the Liberal-Conservative side. No particular insight is needed to discover that such much-abused terms as "bourgeoisie" and "lower middle-class" have retained here much of the lustre lost elsewhere. If in Luxemburg the standard of living is extremely high the same applies to the general standard of education. As for the political constellation, the two main parties—the Christian-Social or Catholics and the Socialists—seem to have a great deal in common and appear to be more divided on matters of detail than of principle. The present government is a coalition of which the most prominent figures (and the best-known abroad) are M. Pierre Dupong, the Prime Minister, and M. Joseph Bech, the Minister of Defence and Foreign Affairs. Both are veteran statesmen of an international standing, thanks to whom little Luxemburg has come to assume a political importance out of all proportion to its geographical size. And the sight of many young men in British-style battledress serves as a discreet reminder that the Grand Duchy is the smallest but by no means the least valuable member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

The link with Belgium is not confined to the two Royal Houses. It was forged many centuries ago when the two countries formed part of no less than five different empires. Their final status as sovereign nations dates from the Treaty of London of 1839. This common destiny and the heavy hand of foreign domination have produced a truly unique relationship between the two peoples. The frontier that separates their territories is in fact nothing more than a fictitious dividing line. In character the Luxemburgers are almost as different from their northern neighbours as neighbours can be. Economically the two nations have turned their traditional affinities to good account. Since 1921 they have been partners in the Belgo-Luxemburg Economic Union; an arrangement whereby Belgium and Luxemburg operate as a single trading unit having a common economic policy, a Customs Union and interchangeable currencies. After World War II the two countries entered into another partnership on similar lines with the Netherlands, better known as Benelux. There the comparison ends. For if the Belgo-Luxemburg Economic Union has proved an undoubted success, Benelux has been so far a marriage of convenience. What the originators of Benelux had in mind was a scheme for the gradual conversion of the three participating

countries into a single economic entity. Unfortunately, as experience has proved, time has not been on their side. The years following the Second World War were anything but propitious for the launching of such an ambitious venture. Basically, the problem of Benelux is one of conflicting economic policies. Whereas Belgium and Luxemburg adhere to a free-enterprise type of economy, the Netherlands have modelled theirs on a semi-austerity pattern. In practice this means that in Luxemburg wages and salaries are between 15 and 23 per cent. higher than in Belgium and between 50 and 55 per cent. higher than in the Netherlands. An extremely high birth-rate and the loss of their overseas empire have compelled the Dutch to follow an export-first policy coupled with a continuous extension of their home industries. Under the circumstances, how (so the Luxemburg argument runs) is the Grand Duchy to compete with cheaper Belgian goods and much cheaper Dutch products when taxation and social insurance weigh heavily on the Luxemburg exporter? The argument has undoubtedly some force.

Luxemburg-City is more than the capital of the Grand Duchy. It is also the seat of the Schuman Pool or "European Coal-and-Steel Community" (CECA). It thus shares with Strasburg the distinction of being in a way the unofficial capital of the six nations known collectively as 'Little Europe'. And it is in this capital that one can best gauge the impact made on official and public opinion by the great questions of the day and their bearing upon the six nations concerned. High on the list of momentous questions are the European Coal-and-Steel Community, the European Defence Community, and the European Political Community. What are the prospects for each of them? How does the man-in-the-street react to them?

Taking the three problems in that order the conclusion to be drawn is that the Schuman Pool has emerged successfully from a none-too-easy trial period. It was a proud day for the six nations of the Schuman Pool when on May 1 all of them became a single market for steel as they became a common market for coal on February 10. M. Monnet, president of the Schuman Pool, said on that occasion: "From to-night the frontiers of the six nations will be open to one another's steel. This gives us a market of 155 million consumers." Since then the iron, steel and scrap of the Six have been moving freely across national boundaries as if they were crossing from one county into another. At the Headquarters of the European Coal-and-Steel Community experts of the six nations are working together, not so much as nationals of France, Italy, Belgium, Western Germany, Luxemburg and the Netherlands but as the first civil servants of Little Europe. It is too soon at this stage to assess accurately the impact of the Coal-and-Steel Community upon the national economies of the six participating countries. What can be said with certainty is that this new type of supra-national partnership constitutes the first step towards European integration, and has already resulted in the removal of a number of trade restrictions such as double price scales and customs duties. At the Headquarters of the Community optimism prevails as to the ultimate success of what M. Monnet has dubbed as "Enterprise Europe". The experts of the Six are of opinion that far from there being a danger of saturation of the steel market, steel output

could be substantially increased. To them at any rate the possibility of over-production seems almost as remote as the realisation of the Schuman Plan appeared to Western Europe just a little over three years ago.

So far so good. But what of the European Defence Community and European integration? As is known, these related questions have been the subject of heated debates in all six countries of Little Europe. More often than not certain politicians, such as M. Schuman and M. Spaak, have found themselves several jumps ahead of their public opinion at home. Those who predicted a frictionless transition from national sovereignty to federation or a supra-national authority were evidently putting the cart before the horse. So were the others who were apt to regard integration as a universal panacea. Here in Luxembourg private conversations with people from various walks of life soon confirm the impression that 'caution is the watchword.' This was also the attitude of the Belgian and Luxemburg Foreign Ministers at the Paris conference last May of the Six Foreign Ministers of Little Europe. M. Bech, like M. Van Zeeland, declared that their respective countries, while endorsing the principle of integration, were by no means willing to be rushed into a new scheme—federal or otherwise—without giving it the fullest consideration.

A similar blend of caution and scepticism prevails as regards the European Army Treaty which has yet to be discussed in the Luxemburg Chamber of Deputies. Though EDC has not aroused anything like the passionate controversies in Belgium (where it is fast becoming a constitutional issue), there is little enthusiasm for the treaty. No doubt it will eventually be adopted by Parliament, but—as a matter of necessity rather than conviction. In considering the mental reservations of the Belgians and the Luxemburgers about the European Army there should be full recognition of the large part played by fear of their eastern neighbour. Integration presupposes the admission of Western Germany as an equal partner of the European Political Community, a pre-requisite sound in itself yet fraught with imponderables. The knowledge that Western Germany is already the leading industrial power between the Elbe and the Atlantic is not exactly calculated to reassure informed opinion in the five other countries of the projected Community. In recent months German foreign policy has switched its emphasis from European integration to German re-unification. And the prospect of a united Germany with reconstituted Armed Forces of her own is bound up with far too many bitter memories of the recent past. What to do with a European federation which everyone wants and everyone fears is a problem for which no one seems as yet to have found a wholly satisfactory answer.

DAVID INGBER.

MALLORCA, ISLAND PARADISE

AS long as foreign currency allowances for holidays remain severely cut Spain has the additional attraction of being the cheapest country to travel in. All Spain is beautiful on the grandiose scale, whereas the Balearic islands have a paradisaical perfection which puts the prettiest coloured picture postcard to shame. As Majorca is only a night's journey

(or an hour's flight) away from Barcelona and has no winter to speak of, the boom there already starts early in the year. The average Mallorquin is normally a contented fellow who believes in "*mucha calma*," but in to-days' Palma there does not appear to be a hotel or a pension that is not hurriedly adding a new wing or a few storeys to its existing accommodation. One knows where one is in Palma, whatever rain does fall stops by the end of March and does not resume again until December. The cafés open at five in the morning and close at two in the night; one of the results of giving a man so much time for a drink, generally over chess, dominoes or backgammon, is that you never meet a drunk on the island.

Palma, the capital, is a sophisticated city, superbly set across a vast bay above which one of the most magnificent cathedrals of Spain rides like a great amber coloured galleon at anchor. The city itself is seen to greatest advantage from the old Moorish castle, above a thick pine forested hill. From these 1,000 years old battlements the view sweeps the biscuit baked, milk and coffee coloured or sparkling white houses, square beehives with thousands of windows turned towards the sun, whilst the flat Moorish roofs make one realise that beyond the Mediterranean horizon lies Africa. The deep-bronze edged bay goes over into a bejewelled coastline, lovely villas hidden coyly along the picturesque coves, shimmering in the liquid silver of lazily lapping wavelets. From the farthest cliff the mountain ridge begins as a gently rising line, gradually growing to ragged barren peaks, and in the deep ravines and wild gorges, dry riverbeds of granite and gravel, grow gigantic garlands of man high cacti and prickly pear. At the edge of this utter silence lies the Moorish Castle, its thick round walls the colour and grain of cemented desert sand, a compact fortress, yet inside spacious like a palace. That February afternoon towards six, a moon the colour and size of a pale fleecy football, kicked immensely high into the sky, hung suspended in the daylight. Everywhere in Majorca nature puts one's imagination to shame.

I had travelled one noon hour to the village of Deya where Robert Graves lives (these last 20 years) in a setting worthy of "Claudius the God." The mountains here are not unlike those of Kerry, if you can imagine them planted up to the very top with well spaced olive trees. To irrigate them, the entire mountain flank has been trimmed into terraces, each the width of a narrow street, bordered by stones laid loosely upon stones so that it looks as if the mountains are dressed in evening frocks of lacy frills. The sun makes the leaves shine like silver tinsel, and these vast plantations have an hallucinating geometrical effect what with every tree's daintily precise shadow. One of the sights of the world are the strange shapes of Majorcan olive trees, many of them contemporaries of Hannibal whose brother reigned here. They can look like an old man bending over hand on hip, like hermits supplicating heaven, like giant monsters locked in battle or boa-constrictors about to strangle each other. There are trees that embrace each other, others that look like dancing satyrs or posturing dragons, tree trunks that could have well been used as sketches for Rodin or Vigeland. The villages merge imperceptibly into their surroundings, a natural protective camouflage of tiles and walls. Along the ever climbing or descending roads lie the patchwork quilt of acres, chestnut brown ploughed earth, then suddenly the jubilation of orange or lemon groves

with their glistening lacquered leaves, the dew still a tiny drop underneath each fruit. Over the solitary low house in garden or estate rises a huge palm, nature's own sun shade. Roses and daffodils, begonias, geraniums and big bushes of arum lillies growing wild, are squandered in perfumed profusion all around the most humble dwellings; they garland the roads, in between almond and ilex trees or luscious magnolias in bursting velvet buds. As the road had climbed to the highest pass I saw from this awe inspiring amphitheatre—itsself the petrified waves of a prehistoric convulsion—a diamante cove. One could not discern where exactly the deep cobalt blue sea merged into the cloudless aquamarine sky.

The pioneer of Majorcan tourism was George Sand, who came here to find relief for Chopin's bad health in the winter of 1838-39. Blue stocking George Sand's travel log "*Un Hiver à Majorque*" is full of that singularly prejudiced woman's acid comments. She found fault with everything barring the scenery, which she summed up as "a green Helvetia underneath the sky of Calabria and with the silent solemnity of the Orient." Some years before their arrival an anti-clerical government in Madrid had dissolved the religious orders and suppressed the monasteries, many of which were let to tourists, cells turned into flats. Thus Chopin and George Sand with her children lived one winter in the former Carthusian monastery of Valdemosa—where in our time Unamuno spent a writing holiday. Here Chopin, inspired by nature of unrivalled perfection, wrote some of his greatest masterpieces. It cost him a small fortune to get his Pleyel piano through the Palma customs, and altogether his life on the island was beset with trials. The superstitious villagers feared his tuberculosis like pestilence. Perhaps they thought it divine retribution for the heathenish appearance of George Sand and her daughter going about in trousers, and for not attending Mass on Sundays. They were charged exorbitant prices for food and fuel; so shortly after the monks had been driven out, the villagers felt it near-blasphemy for anybody to use the cells as worldly dwellings. All these drawbacks were more than made up for by the view, of which Chopin recorded that "it was perfection; it left nothing to wish, nothing to imagine." He referred to it later many a time when the winter mists of Paris made him long for the rocks, the sea and the palms. To understand the inspiration which set Chopin aglow in Valdemosa one must have stayed in the monastery and roamed the surroundings. The hanging garden outside the cell which Chopin occupied is now restored to the pattern shown in a drawing which Maurice Sand, George's son, made at the time. The view from these rooms is breath-taking, the inimitable grace of the line of the mountain dropping to a pass, the infinite variety of green of pine, olive, poplar and cypresses shading the wild gorges. Here the sun begins to set in purest rose, the sky then turns violet and gradually grows silver-lilac before changing into a transparent pure blue for the entrance of night. One cell was Chopin's study and bedroom; here stands against the white-washed wall the small upright piano on which he composed some of his immortal nocturnes. With a thrill one touches, reverently and ever so lightly, the very keyboard on which his genius translated his inspiration for all future generations to hold. There is a new grand piano now in this room, near the lead-paned window; from all over the world famous pianists and com-

posers have made pilgrimage to Chopin's cell and have played in the room in which he composed. Their photographs adorn the wall like *ex-votos*: Cortot and Rubinstein, Pablo Casals and Manuel de Falla, Vincent d' Indry and George Copeland—a good hundred of them.

I made one other Majorcan pilgrimage—by an archaic train which runs on almond shells as fuel—to a little town in the interior called Petra. Here was born and reared a Franciscan friar whose colossal statue now stands in the Capitol "Hall of Fame" in Washington, D.C. Fra Junipero Serra, the Professor of Theology at Palma University, left his native island about two hundred years ago, and in the course of his apostolic journey founded that string of Missions on the Californian coast, many of which have since become fabulous cities—San Diego, San Antonio and half a dozen more—and in 1776 the greatest of them all, San Francisco. Petra is a very small town, yet of surprisingly long and narrow streets of biscuit baked two-storey houses under near flat roofs. The Serra home is still intact on Barracar Street 6, complete to the alcove where Junipero was born. A square opening in the wall served as glassless window, and the thick wooden shutter is now very much worn. Needless to say, nobody knew at the time that Junipero Serra's birthplace would become the focus of attention of thousands of historically-minded tourists. The four poster bed, the cradle, the lantern and donkey bell, the leather and stone wine bottles are not those of his family, but they are of the period and of their class. In the garden full of geraniums and prickly pear still stands the outside baking oven, and the visitors' book is laid underneath a framed manuscript page of a Californian report in his scholarly handwriting.

Waiting for the toy train, I roamed the countryside, dominated by the cone shaped mountain from which young Junipero first saw the sea and felt the impulse to travel in the service of God. Nothing seemed further away, here in the heart of the countryside of this Mediterranean island, than the teeming metropolis on the Pacific. A canary had his day out, his cage hung underneath a palm tree. A horse cart rumbled drowsily over the suncaked tracks of a dusty country road to the back of beyond, and a jolly red-cheeked nun, carrying a big basket of oranges on each arm, exchanged pleasantries with two lovers on a wall.

KEES VAN HOEK.

THE SPEED OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS

THE speeds of locomotion attained by various wild creatures have always attracted the interest of scientists and naturalists, and the methods of timing such speeds, from the fastest down to the slowest, have taxed man's ingenuity. What makes this business of putting the speedometer on nature so interesting is that most creatures can and do move very swiftly, if only over short distances; a vast number of them easily outpacing human rates of progress. It is always striking to remember that, unaided, the fastest a man can run is around 24 m.p.h., and that only in short sprints by crack athletes. Five miles an hour is a good walking pace for most of us, while as for swimming, the world record speed stands at 4.01 m.p.h. Set against these limits the fastest flight

speed recorded by a bird, 261 m.p.h. by a flock of frigate-birds; the fastest land speed attained by a quadruped, just over 70 m.p.h. by the incredibly swift-sprinting cheetah; and the fastest swimming speed by a fish, the sailfish's 68 m.p.h., and you see what is involved. On the other hand, it is fair to mention that the common earthworm is known to burrow at an average speed of 0.002 m.p.h., while the proverbial snail has been timed to glide forward as fast as 0.07 m.p.h. and as slow as 0.000363005 m.p.h.

In all cases of animal speed timing it is important to remember that most creatures have a sheer maximum speed that they can reach in an emergency when some enemy threatens, or else achieve over very short stretches when hunting, and a normal running or flying speed, which is usually a good bit lower. The legends and hearsay evidence about animal speedsters of the past are now quite outdated; no speed recognised and quoted in this article is based on such inadequate proof, all are firm scientific records, checked by a variety of reliable means. As is well known, birds, with their mastery of the air, can achieve speeds unknown on the ground. Eagles and similar birds of prey are usually recognised as the fastest, but the slender hook-billed frigate-bird, mentioned earlier, can outpace even the superbly powerful lammergeier, timed by an aeroplane speedometer at 110 m.p.h. Diving to fish for baby turtles over the warm tropical oceans, the frigate-bird swoops at an immense speed, far in excess of the screeching 200 m.p.h. powerdive of the peregrine falcon or duck-hawk. The record of 261 m.p.h. for the flock of frigate-birds was checked by an Australian naval officer and a friend who noted by chronometers the time taken by the flock passing over a ship to reach the nearby shore. Allowance was made for wind assistance, and this remains an outstanding record. Close behind, however, comes the needle-tailed swift, similar to the British migrant swift, which has been checked with accuracy by a stop-watch to fly easily at 219 miles an hour. Even the little sandpiper can reach a speed of 110 m.p.h. when on migration, as more than one aircraft pilot has noted. Another remarkable time-check of a bird made from a plane was the case of the peregrine falcon which dived on past and beneath an aircraft which was itself nose-diving at 170 m.p.h. The golden eagle's top speed of 120 m.p.h. is also a wonderful feat for so large and comparatively heavy a bird. Compared with it the 89 m.p.h. reached on occasion by vultures is much slower. Swallows can put up very good flight performances when the need arises: one breeding bird was taken by car 79 miles from its nest, yet it returned to it immediately in 43½ minutes, which works out a speed of 108 miles an hour.

What about some of the less swift birds? The sturdy racing pigeon, for instance, is a surprising slowcoach, rarely exceeding 60 m.p.h. without wind help, although one has been timed at 95 m.p.h. Ducks and geese seldom reach over 60-70 m.p.h. The sparrow-hawk cruises at an everyday speed of around 25 m.p.h., but can reach 60 when after quarry in a short burst. A common crow timed by a railway train just topped 60 m.p.h., but this is exceptional, and no allowance was made for a helping wind. Forty-eight miles an hour was the maximum speed attained by some wild duck which were extensively studied and timed by kites, theodolites and stop-watches, but this was probably normal, rather than the maximum speed for the species. Naturally enough, the smaller the bird the slower

it can fly unaided, but the sparrow's 35 m.p.h. checked by a car, and the blackbird's 30 m.p.h., timed by a motor-cycle speedometer, show what power there may be in small wings. Even the 21 m.p.h. reached by a blue tit is remarkable. Owls can reach 40-45 m.p.h., according to road timings, but the weak flight of the cuckoo seldom takes the bird faster than 23 m.p.h.

Land speeds vary even more, and few approach the cheetah's 70 m.p.h. over short, intensely agile sprints, timed by cars on many occasions. A car checked a Mongolian antelope for half a mile and found its average speed to be 60 m.p.h., which is pretty good going, almost reached by the little black buck, so often hunted by cheetahs themselves. These lithe cats can actually accelerate 45 m.p.h. in two seconds, but they tire quickly, like all runners. The next fastest member of the cat tribe is the lion, which can charge at 50 m.p.h. when after gazelles, buck and various antelope, many kinds of which leap along at just over this speed with grace and ease. The prized trained race-horse, by the way, rarely touches 40 m.p.h., surprising as it may sound. The top race-horse speed ever recorded is 48 m.p.h., and the next fastest is 43 m.p.h. Big races like the Derby are run at about 35 m.p.h. Hares can outpace horses with ease, racing over short stretches at 45 m.p.h., a pace not infrequently achieved by a hunted fox. A greyhound can dash along at up to 40 m.p.h., but the usual maximum speed of a rabbit is only 35. By comparison, a rat's top speed is only 6 m.p.h. and that of a mole $2\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h. A grizzly bear has been known to charge a man at 28 m.p.h., and wart-hogs have several times outpaced cars going at a steady thirty.

Elephants look clumsy when in a hurry, but for all their 5 tons' weight and limited seven-foot stride they can reach 25 m.p.h. when really enraged. This has been timed both by car and stop-watch. In the latter case, an angry bull charged down a measured strip of clearing, covering the 120 yards in 10 seconds exactly—a speed of 24 m.p.h. Rhinoceros also belie their powers of speed by their ungainly appearance: 28 m.p.h. is a good average rush for a charging rhino, measured by a car, and 35 m.p.h. has been recorded once for a particularly fast bull. Even giraffes can canter along—helped by their immense strides—at 32 m.p.h. A camel prefers the more leisurely speed of 8-10 m.p.h., but it can keep that up for 18 hours at a time. One of the best runners is strangely enough a flightless bird, the Australian emu, which has been checked to 40 m.p.h. a number of times. Although most snakes progress at 2 m.p.h. or less, the deadly black mamba of Africa some 12 feet in length, is amazingly quick off the mark for a legless creature and over a short distance can dash forward at 20 m.p.h. Kangaroos can keep up their amazing leaping progress for quite long periods at 40-45 m.p.h., reaching up to 50 m.p.h. when hard pressed by huntsmen. In many ways the kangaroos' method of locomotion is the most fantastic of all the animals: its 20 lb. tail acts as a rudder during its vast jumps, which may reach 40 feet in length with big full-grown specimens.

The speeds attained by fish have received much specialised attention, and the devices used for recording swimming fish are many and varied. They include such methods as the stop-watch, fish-o-meter (an indicator attached to a rod to register the speed of the line as it runs out), cine

films of tank fish, indicators fastened to fine silk harness which tank fish draw out as they swim along narrow channels, timing from the known speed of boats and ships, even calculating the speed of a river-tide and working out the minimum speed a fish must make to swim against it. All the swordfish tribe beat all comers for sheer dynamic power in the water; the sailfish already mentioned is followed by the marlin and the common swordfish, both of which surge forward under water at 60 m.p.h. According to the much-used fish-o-meter, tunny are the next fastest fish in the sea, reaching a maximum of 44 m.p.h. Flying fish touch 35 m.p.h. in the water just before taking off, and at that speed would not escape a mako shark, whose leaps into the air are probably even faster. For most smaller fish 10 m.p.h. is a fair average, but trout may reach 23 m.p.h. and salmon 25 m.p.h. under favourable swimming conditions.

In the insect world the dragon-fly is by far the fastest species, touching at times 55 m.p.h. without difficulty. Honeybees rarely work up to more than 15 m.p.h., and wasps are even slower. The house-fly is happiest at the smart walking pace of 5 m.p.h. with the cabbage butterfly slightly faster. Only among the creeping and crawling insects is man not the slow-coach.

CLIVE BEECH.

CYPRUS, GATEWAY TO THE MIDDLE EAST

THE island of Cyprus, in the south-eastern tip of the Mediterranean, only forty miles south of Turkey, sixty east of Lebanon, and three hundred north of the Suez Canal, is the focal-point of the Levant and the strategic gateway to the Middle East. In the hands of Britain, or even of one of the Western allies, it commands approaches to all the Levantine ports and, in large measure, even the entrances to the Canal and to the Dardanelles. Its importance at this moment is, for obvious reasons, greater than it has ever been before. It is in the highest degree essential that Cyprus should be politically administered in the interests of the West. The possibility cannot be disregarded that it might become all-important to the West as a military, especially as an air, base. A glance at the map of the Middle East establishes that beyond argument. During the late war it was an invaluable supply and relief station for the Allies, and being so far east in the Mediterranean never was attacked by the enemy. In the event of another war it would be of far more importance in view of its position immediately behind the NATO defence lines.

The history of Cyprus goes back into the dim mists of antiquity. The authentic record begins with the Phoenicians, those bold sea-rovers who dominated the Mediterranean for centuries and braved the terrors beyond the Pillars of Hercules to invade Britain when that land was only a vague tradition to Europe. Paul and Barnabas, the latter a native Cypriot, came from Palestine in 45 A.D., and the former converted the Roman governor to Christianity, so that Cyprus became the first country to be administered by a Christian. Richard of the Lion Heart captured it from the Turks a thousand years later, presently selling it to the Order of Knights Hospitallers who made it the last station for the Crusaders on

the way out and the first on the way back. Thousands of sick and wounded from the fighting in the Holy Land were cared for at the hospitals of the Knights in Cyprus and many died there. The Venetians and the Genoese fought over it and the former were overcome by the Turks in the sixteenth century in the course of the Turkish advance on Europe which was checked, and the Turkish threat finally ended, when Venice and her allies crushed Turkish power at the battle of Lepanto. England took over at the time of the Crimean War, establishing Crown Colonial status in 1925, by which time Greek immigration had constituted three-quarters of the island's population. Since then the percentage has risen to at least eighty per cent. of the present half-million inhabiting an area about half the size of the State of New Jersey. Most of the rest are Turks, though there are about 3,000 Armenians, a thousand British, and a scattering of other nationalities, including a small American colony mostly connected with the United States monitoring and relay-radio stations, schools of the American Near East Administration, and officials of the Cyprus Mining Corporation, an American concern producing copper pyrites and sulphur.

On the basis of their population predominance the Greeks have long been agitating for a union of Cyprus with Greece, though never at any time in its long history has the island been politically controlled by Greece. The movement, which is called ENOSIS, is strongly supported in Athens, and even more strongly by the Greek Orthodox Church, since Britain's capitulation to Egypt on the Sudan question and expected retreat on that of Suez Canal evacuation it has assumed a definitely aggressive character, accompanied by much irresponsible talk about British tyranny in the vernacular press and by café orators who include at least half of the male population among Cypriots. The visit to America by the Cyprus Archbishop Makarios has greatly excited the Greeks of Cyprus, the less literate of whom consider him a kind of miracle-man who cannot fail to achieve the long-sought objective. There is also a Communist group of considerable volubility if not influence. These are pressing, first for complete independence of Cyprus—"if the Sudan, why not Cyprus"? is their slogan—but, short of that, for *Enosis*. As usual, the main purpose is in some way to embarrass Britain, and thus the West.

The talk of British "tyranny" is, of course, nonsense. The British record of achievement is an excellent one, in addition to which the Cypriots enjoy a much greater measure of economic security and a higher standard of living than Greece itself, or indeed than most of the Levantine peoples. Moreover, while in Greece the present cost of living is one of the highest in the world and the general tax-burden exceedingly heavy, Cyprus has the lowest living expenses of any part of Europe or the Near or Middle East, with the possible exception of Spain and taxes are almost non-existent for the peasants and workers. The "white-collar" class and approximate ranks pay, in the case, for example, of a single man having an income of \$1,400 a year, about \$50.00 while with a family of four or more that amount is reduced to a third as much. No one doubts, nor has any supporter of ENOSIS denied, that union with Greece would mean vastly increased taxation, great advances in living-costs generally, and much the same burdens on the whole people as have fallen upon

those of Rhodes since the union with Greece. Yet before that union, conditions in Rhodes were very like those in Cyprus today. The desire of the Greek Government to possess Cyprus is logical enough. It is a pleasant land, such a one as thousands of Greeks would seek to immigrate to at once, in the hope of escaping from their present condition of impoverishment. It would be a valuable economic asset with its large mineral resources and possibilities of much further development of them. No little revenue would be forthcoming in taxation, especially of the mining companies, definitely including the American. No one to whom this correspondent talked in Cyprus questioned any of the foregoing. Not a single intelligent Cypriot of the many to whom he put the question expressed any enthusiasm for ENOSIS, though invariably all were very guarded in discussing it. Opposition, were it known, could be dangerous to them in more than one way, a vote against it in a possible plebiscite even more dangerous.

The Cypriots are, mainly, a childlike, good-humoured, easy-going people. The illiteracy that was almost universal among peasants and workers when the island became a British Crown Colony is being attacked with marked success by the Government but is still considerable, and the position of the illiterates on ENOSIS is the position they have been "coached" to take and to talk about, no more and no less. That is true, too, of many of the partly-literate. The "coaching" has been done mostly by the Greek Church and by such individuals as have reason to expect some form or personal aggrandizement out of union with Greece. For the fact is, and nothing is to be gained by evading it, that ENOSIS is at least three-fourths a Church proposition, and always has been. The plebiscite of a few years ago, to which the Church points as indicating the feelings as to union of the majority of Cypriots, indicated nothing of the kind, being instituted and conducted by the Church. The majority of islanders are members thereof and few would dare flout its wishes. For that reason the British Government quite logically paid no attention to the plebiscite. It tries to prevent intimidation of the sort but any definite interference only provides more ground for the increasingly strong anti-British movement and for anti-British propaganda in the vernacular press. The single English newspaper, the *Cyprus Mail*, is frequently attacked in the Greek, as also in the Turkish, newspapers.

Curiously enough, the one point of agreement between the Greeks of Cyprus and the Turkish minority, 90,000 or more, is hostility to the British, the former because Britain refuses to turn the island over to Greece, the latter because it refuses to turn it over to Turkey. The Turks hold that the Colonial Government constantly neglects their interests, yet they would prefer its continuance rather than a union of Cyprus with Greece. In fact, in the latter event they threaten to "fight." It probably would not come quite to that, but resentment implimenting itself in frequent "incidents" would be fairly certain.

Among the many benefits conferred on Cyprus by British rule during the past three-quarters of a century the educational system is outstanding. Every Cypriot child is entitled to instruction under trained teachers and the system includes all grades. Nor are the schools dominated by the Greek Church, which will assuredly be the case when and if the Colony

is united with Greece. That, indeed, is one of the objectives of the increasingly-aggressive campaign of the Church against British rule. It takes the ground that Cypriot youth is "growing away" from the Orthodox religion of their forbears, and it cites sundry alien influences introduced by foreign domination, such as over-numerous night clubs, drinking-places, "undesirable" movies and "craving for amusement," all of which, it is necessary to admit, has some foundation in fact.

Nevertheless, on the whole, British rule has greatly benefited and continues to benefit Cyprus. The highway system, for example, entirely of comparatively recent date, is the best in any part of the Mediterranean and far better than that of Greece. The roads connecting the principal towns are on the European standard, a great boon for the peasantry who constitute the majority of the population. Bus lines operate in all directions at low charges, and for a little higher charge station-wagon motorcars run between Nicosia, the capital and metropolis, and all the ports, charging only five shillings (\$.70) for a forty-mile trip. The measure of prosperity that has come to Cyprus in recent years, largely since the war, is indicated by the great amount of modern building accomplished and in progress, residence villas clustering about the principal towns which are still enclosed by their ancient Venetian walls, half a dozen modern hotels all originating within the past ten years, shops abundantly supplied, and so many automobiles that the traffic problem is becoming serious in the narrow winding streets of the medieval cities. Bicycles are almost as numerous as in Holland and there is said to be an average of one to every family of the island.

The growing tourist traffic, mostly British but including an increasing number of Americans, is entirely a post-war development. Americans, at least, have only just "discovered" Cyprus, with its wonderfully varied natural charm, its ancient monuments, medieval monasteries, peasantry living and dressing as a hundred years ago, leisurely manner of existence, yet with all modern amenities for the visitor. The best hotels, up to date in all respects, charge but the equivalent of five dollars for room with bath and full board, even to the inclusion of afternoon tea. The cuisine is a kind of blend of the English and Continental and is both abundant and varied. One boon is the abundance of citrus fruits. Cypriots claim that their oranges are the best in the world, weighing sometimes as much as a pound each and fairly exuding juice, yet costing but two cents, grapefruit the same.

It is a land of peace and ease, this, of tranquility and a relatively untroubled existence, yet whether it will continue so is the troubling question in the average intelligent Cypriot's thought. He is far less concerned with ENOSIS than he is with the critical strategic position of his island and with its vulnerability. Within sight of the north coast is Turkey, just beyond the eastern and southern horizon Syria, Lebanon and Israel. A little farther westward is the Suez Canal.

In the event of war, then, Cyprus would be right on the front line, possibly between the two front lines. It would be vital to both parties and worth contesting. In anticipation of such a possibility the immediate necessity would seem to be a cessation of squabbling over the question of Britain, Greece, or Turkey, and the creation without delay of a strong

state of defence. Measures are already under way to this end, but they are on a small scale. Rumours are numerous that much more is about to be commenced, that Cyprus is to be made into a strong Middle Eastern bastion of the Western Powers. The latest story is that there is to be established an American big-bomber base. That more British troops are coming, perhaps from the Canal Zone, seems to be indicated by the preparation of some of the camps that were used by the Jewish refugees from Europe. That the whole of the Canal Zone force, more than 80,000 men and all their equipment, will come here is improbable, though even that is among the rumours. There is a permanent British contingent in Cyprus, but it is unimportant as a fighting-force.

American interests are mainly the monitoring and radio-relay stations. The former, very closely-guarded and hedged in by secrecy, is the chief land monitoring-station for Soviet news. There are also receivers and translators of several Arabic and Indian tongues, Greek, Turkish, Chinese, all the Slavic languages, Magyar, Ethiopic, and even Javanese. This establishment and the relay-station employ together about a hundred Americans besides numerous other nationalities, including Cypriots. Here, as in the rest of the island, there are Cypriot-Americans, all of whom have relatives among the 30,000 Cypriots presently living in the United States.

MARC T. GREENE.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"SECURITY AND PEACE"

ADDRESSING the American Bar Association in Boston on August 26th last, Mr. Dulles, Secretary of State, raised the question of revising the United Nations Charter. Such revision is allowed for in the provisions of the Charter itself (Article 109), and it may take place in 1955. Paragraph 3 of Article 109 gives the date by the provision that "if such a conference (for the said revision) has not been held before the tenth annual session of the General Assembly following the coming into force of the present Charter, the proposal to call such a conference shall be placed on the agenda of that session. . . ." Mr. Dulles had already announced that the United Nations would then vote in favour of holding such a conference, which, he said, would be comparable in importance to the original San Francisco conference.

On August 26th he made two main criticisms of the Charter. In the first place, while admitting that the United Nations, constituted by sixty nations, offered the world's best hope of peace with justice, he submitted that in its present form it has not met all expectations and "it now reflects serious inadequacies" because "the Charter is a pre-atomic age Charter" and was obsolete before it came into force. He himself was at San Francisco in the spring of 1945 and is convinced that had the delegates known that the power of the atom would become available as a means of mass destruction, "the provisions of the Charter dealing with disarmament and the regulation of armaments would have been far more emphatic and

realistic." Secondly he criticised the provision of the "veto". The United Nations suffered, he said, from being planned as a peace-time prolongation of a war-time coalition, with the result that primary authority was vested in the Security Council, and the great Powers represented permanently on the Council had to be in agreement before anything could be done. "We now see the inadequacy" he said "of an organisation whose effective functioning depends upon co-operation with a nation which is dominated by an international party seeking world domination."

THE VETO

Let the second proposition be taken first. It seems a grim and trite sort of proposition, yet no doubt must go on being propounded until this monstrous thing be removed from the Charter. One must assume that the leading politicians in all countries are for the most part so overburdened with work, so hectic in their methods and so harried by the exigencies of an insecure tenure of office, that they have neither the time nor the disposition to think calmly about much of their own business. They therefore do not see what otherwise would be obvious to them; or do not see it till, say, ten years after everybody else has seen it. Let it be thought that these remarks are a comfortable exercise in wisdom after the event, let it be recalled that even before the Charter was drafted, but after its provisions, including the infamous veto, were adumbrated at Yalta, it was obvious to ordinary humble people (though not apparently to the politicians who did the job) that the Charter would be still-born.

The prevalence of such an opinion among humble people at that time can be proved by documentary evidence. The Charter was "done at the city of San Francisco the twenty-sixth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and forty-five". In the *Contemporary Review* for June 1945 (published on June 1st of that year) an article appeared, and was dated May 10th of that year, under the title "Through the Gates of San Francisco". In it there appeared this passage: "What Yalta agreed about the voting procedure was this: that each member of the Council should have one vote; that decisions on matters of procedure should be taken by an affirmative vote of seven out of the eleven members; that decisions on all other matters should be taken by an affirmative vote of seven members, *including the concurring votes of the permanent members* [my italics in the 1945 article,] except that, in decisions concerning the pacific settlement of disputes, and the encouragement of the settlement of local disputes by regional arrangements, a party to a dispute should abstain from voting. In other words, and again to call a spade a spade, the permanent members of the Council reserved to themselves the individual right of veto on any major action taken to deal with any dispute, or any threat to the peace, even if the individual Great Power making use of such veto happened itself to be a party to the dispute. Up in smoke, therefore, from those Yalta palaces went the main hope of a better world in its diplomatic aspect. Let there be no mistake. The thing about votes is decisive. The issue is between the rule of force and the rule of Law between the nations. It narrows down to the question, can the rule of Law be made compatible with the retention of full national sovereignty, that is, with the retention by the Great Powers of an absolute

individual right of veto over collective decisions made by the nations in general, embodying in themselves an organisation of law?"

Those words, written as the Charter and its veto were being drafted, prove that the folly was obvious from the start. Up in smoke! A second chance will be given in this matter when the Charter comes up for revision two years hence. May it be taken! May belated strength be given to the Dullesian elbow!

"DISARMAMENT"

This matter of atoms and so-called disarmament is of an ever grimmer import. In bald fact the Charter makes no provision whatsoever about disarmament. The word "disarmament" does indeed appear in the Charter. A word is not enough. It appears in that odd hotchpotch of articles (39 to 51) about measures to be taken to maintain or restore international peace and security. "There shall be established a Military Staff Committee to advise and assist the Security Council on all questions relating to the Security Council's military requirements for the maintenance of international peace and security, the employment and command of forces placed at its disposal, the regulation of armaments, and *possible disarmament* (Article 47)". [The italics are mine.] There is no other mention or provision for disarmament. What article 47 was intended to mean is not obvious. If Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations was fatal to the prospect of peace in 1919, Article 47 of the Charter of the United Nations was again fatal to the prospect of peace in 1945—subject always to the possibility that human folly may be saved from its possible consequences by an overriding miracle of God.

The atomic bomb may prove to be such a miracle in disguise, in which event Mr. Dulles may prove to have been, as it were, prophetic in his wisdom when he suggested that the known power of the atom might have made the Charter in 1945—and may therefore make the Charter in 1955—"far more emphatic and realistic" in the matter of disarmament. Surely our human kind need not for ever go on blasting itself to bits with bombs and armaments? Surely the atom puts a term to the suicidal madness when it comes to be generally appreciated that atomic explosion can literally bring an end to life on earth? It is arguable that, even short of miracle—miracle in the sense that the tapping of the central source of physical energy in God's world releases something beyond the competence or control of man—the commonsense with which man is endowed may well be prodded into action by the potential results of his own folly. Without such a spur, it is equally arguable that the old mutual fear which has consistently stultified international relationships might go on indefinitely.

What the 1919 Covenant of the League of Nations prescribed in Article 8 more than a generation ago was this: "The Members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations." A chronic drunkard who prescribed for himself that the maintenance of sobriety required the reduction of alcoholic intake to the lowest possible point consistent with his personal safety (as judged by himself) would not

be guilty of greater nonsense. The essence of disarmament is that the nations should disarm. The verb to disarm means to abandon (not to reduce) armaments. What the 1945 Charter of the United Nations prescribed in Articles 39—51 was that the United Nations itself should have an army, contributed by its members, to be at the disposal of "the Security Council with the assistance of the Military Staff Committee." The first words of the preamble announced that the purpose of the Charter was "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war". Those generations—need it be said at this stage of our experience?—will be saved from war when and only when their governments are totally and permanently disarmed. Security is incompatible with armaments. Indeed armaments are not a safeguard—there has never in the history of the world been so much armament and so much war as in this present century—but are themselves a main cause of war.

It may be that by a virtually miraculous dispensation the atomic bomb will force the nations, for the first time in history, to disarm. The spur will be the unanswerable argument that there is obviously no sense in everything and everybody being destroyed in a simultaneous impartial holocaust. In other words it may be that when a thing really does become big enough, the human eye can see it. Disarmament is the only way to what the preamble to the Charter postulates as "international peace and security".

WHAT IS "PEACE"?

Even, however, if war of the traditional kind were to be successfully abolished—a big achievement in all conscience—there would still remain the problem of conflict in other forms. Peace is a positive ideal, encompassing something more than the negative absence of physical war. The habit of international friction is a formidable thing. The first world war lasted just over four years, the second just under six, the third—that is the undeclared "cold" war interspersed with "hot" episodes that has prolonged the second world war in another form—has already lasted more than eight years, and seems far from being spent. It may be argued that the first and second world wars were likewise spanned by "cold" war, although we did not then use that word. Since that fatal day in the summer of 1914 when Germany and Britain went to war, there has been no peace, not even an interval of peace in any true sense. Academic history—history, that is, that precedes one's living experience and is based upon merely documentary evidence—seems not to yield anything so embracing as a world war in full form, but none the less yields enough of strife and bad blood to tempt the question, whether the human horizon has ever, or can ever, disclose any state of affairs such as may be fairly described as "peace". What is peace?

As one looks out over the world in 1953 it is impossible to be satisfied with the merely negative fact of there being no full world war in progress. We are obviously not thereby given peace. If in God's world there never yet has been peace, and if at this present moment peace seems to be further than ever from our grasp, is the hope of peace to be written off as an unsubstantial will o' th' wisp, or a mirage that mocks our gaze? Christ on the morrow of His resurrection said to His frightened disciples:

"Peace be to you!" Before His crucifixion He had left "His peace" with them, explaining that He gave peace "not as the world giveth". Even at that time, however, in the solemn interval between the death and the resurrection of Our Lord, and despite the solemn assurance and promise given in person by Him, the disciples themselves, it appears, had no peace in their external circumstance. We cannot know what they had in their hearts. There is no haven of achievement or of rest more spoken of in the world, more longed for, than that of peace; and there is none more apparently unattainable. To those whose business it is, whether from professional duty or from the student's chair, to observe the vagaries of high diplomacy, there is nothing so exasperating and at the same time so fascinating as the two concurrent streams of experience, on the one hand of total failure, on the other of never-failing hope. Hope not only springs eternal. It remains as pure, as clear, as good as ever it was. Even the most unlikely lips pay service to it. At the height of his unpeaceful enterprise Hitler promised us, if we would only take it from him and on his terms, a thousand years of peace. The communist aggressors at a later date organised their aggression under a banner inscribed with the strange and paradoxical device: "Fighters for Peace".

The paradoxes and the failures unfold without pause or change, yet faith, which includes hope as the greater includes the less, waxes, not less strong, but stronger. Is it possible that the peace which passes understanding is precisely this confidence amid the promptings of despair, this optimism amid failure, this hope, this faith? If that be so there is no need to worry over the recurrent menace or actual incidence of international conflict, whatever form it take, even though we know it to be our duty to do all we can to prevent or stop it. "Yea, though Thou slay me, yet will I believe on Thee" is not only the protested faith of normal healthy people, but is one of the facts of life. It happens. The virtue of the efforts tirelessly made to encompass even negative peace through disarmament consists in the subjective good which the exercise confers upon them that do it; and by another of the mysteries operating in this field, we all go on trying despite the fact that we get no encouragement from success or from any degree of achievement. Such a reflection must surely explain why the human spirit can go on suffering the chaos that is normal to international affairs.

Let a cursory contemporary glance give an inkling of what the chaos amounts to. Within a few days in the second half of August two reigning sovereigns suddenly disappeared, and the news was received amid the general hubbub of affairs, with hardly a ripple of surprise or concern except in the immediately interested quarters. The Shah of Persia fled from Teheran on August 16th, and the Sultan of Morocco was exiled from Rabat by the French authorities on August 20th. But those bald facts did little justice to the volcanic nature of what was taking place, nor to the political complications and reverberations thereby revealed. Almost before the tale could be told the Shah's supporters had turned the tables (August 19th), Dr. Moussadek was arrested (August 20th) and the Shah himself was back in Teheran (August 22nd), having spent the intervening few days in Rome. Dr. Moussadek had carried through a communist revolution which lasted only three days (August 16th-19th). The

episode looked (when we had got back our breath) like the fairy-story victory of hero over villain, an unusual sort of spectacle in this international cavalcade. But it stirred other memories.

It prompted an incidental contrast with an essentially similar, but in its effect dissimilar, episode that took place in Spain just before the beginning of the second world war. An attempted communist *mainmise* over Spain was at that time defeated by General Franco. Field-Marshal Zahedi in Teheran is today bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh with General Franco in Madrid; but that astonishing amalgam of opinion which we call the free West will have none of such analogy. General Franco more than a decade ago had to combat not only a communist coup, but also a muddle-headed international brigade, composed of British and French volunteers, who fought side by side with Moscow's hordes. Those western enthusiasts did not pause to consider why they fought on that side, for they themselves would have indignantly resented the suggestion that they had any sympathy with the communists. But Hitler and Mussolini; staunch opponents of Stalin, fought in support of Franco, and the said western enthusiasts, on the exclusive ground of what Hitler and Mussolini were doing (the second world war having already cast its shadow), disposed themselves to do the opposite. This idiotic century has yielded no odder an example of what we call the tactic of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

The oddity persists. Only this year, in the first week of August, it reached a new height. The World Confederation of Organisations of the Teaching Profession, then meeting in Oxford—an event of incalculable importance for the obvious reason that present education largely decides future events—staged the portentous spectacle of a walk-out by the French, German, Luxembourg and Yugoslav delegates on the mere ground that the conference was attended by Spanish "observers". It was the French delegate, Monsieur G. Forestier, representing the French Primary Schools Association who first objected (August 3rd) to the presence of the Spanish observers, and announced that unless those observers withdrew, his delegation could not continue to take part in the conference. The President of the Conference, Mr. R. Gould, who was obviously shocked, tried to gain time by suggesting that the matter be referred to the executive committee, which would involve only one day's delay, but the Frenchmen thereupon walked out, followed by the other delegations mentioned above. The Belgians, though they supported the French protest, refrained from the walk-out. This is hardly a matter of localised or secondary concern. The post-Korean battle had by then been started by the communist forces, under Kremlin leadership, for the strengthening of Russia's lever against the western Powers within the United Nations. In other words at the very moment of the Oxford walk-out the undecided question had been raised whether Russia's negative weapon of the "veto" might be replaced by a positive accretion of communist power, constituted by the admission of communist China, at a decisive centre of world diplomacy. It was in such a circumstance that a western educational organisation went out of its way gratuitously to antagonise a country which could be, and logically was, the staunchest of allies against the communist menace. What sense is there in aimlessly

insulting her? As Mr. O. Barnett, president of the National Union of Teachers, pointed out on August 4th, when the conference ended in failure, there were other dictatorships besides the Spanish, and "it was quite illogical for people who would admit countries from behind the iron curtain to focus attention upon Spain".

These complications in the national scene are of a baffling tendency. In the case of Spain there is the real and substantial difficulty about Gibraltar. There is no real or substantial difficulty, from the western point of view, about Spain's position in relation to the communist menace. Indeed such difficulty more truly arises elsewhere: for instance in France, where shortly after the French performance at Oxford above mentioned, the communists succeeded in paralysing the railways and the posts. Are the French primary schools to be a breeding ground for the communist-controlled French trade unions?

The case of the Sultan of Morocco, who was exiled to Corsica on August 20th, constituted a sort of upside-down analogy to that of the Shah, for it was the sovereign in that case who led the communist cause. The French Resident-General in Morocco, General Guillaune, issued a long statement on August 21st, the day after the Sultan's deposition, outlining a ten-year history of that Sultan's growing connection with the Istiqlal (the Moroccan equivalent of the Persian Tudeh party). He did not say that the Istiqlal was communist, but he did say that it was modelled on the Bolshevik regime, that the purpose was directed against the existing authority, whether French or Moroccan, with a view to the substitution of a new totalitarian quasi-communist tyranny, and that its action and that of the communists had always been "parallel and simultaneous", as for instance at the time of the Casablanca riots in 1952. It is an odd perversity that made a Sultan the henchman of the anti-monarchist Kremlin. By August 20th the situation had developed to such a pitch that "the Moroccan chiefs (said General Guillaune) became convinced that the Sultan himself was the true head of the Istiqlal"; and it was to save Morocco from the tragedy of civil war, and to save France from the necessity of protecting the Sultan against the mass of his own subjects, who were the friends of France, that the Sultan was requested to leave the country.

His deposition caused a slight wave of resentment or concern among the Arab States as represented by the Arab League in Cairo, and in Madrid, whose High Commissioner in Morocco complained that "while it is true that, for reasons which it is not necessary to specify, the centre of gravity of the material action is today in French Morocco, the centre of gravity of political and spiritual action is in the Spanish zone", and that therefore Spain ought to have been consulted by France. Concern was felt also in Washington, where a State Department spokesman said that the United States viewed with "grave concern" what had taken place in Rabat.

Such incidents however are merely commonplace in the political or diplomatic sphere. They are even "small fry" at this present time, when the Great Powers themselves are involved in mutual vendetta and strife. The post-Korean manoeuvre on Russia's part to gain entry for communist China into the United Nations; the division of opinion on that matter

among the western Great Powers; the problem of a divided Germany and of peace treaties for Germany and Austria; communist disturbances in Asia and Africa; the economic consequence of the return of Japan and Germany into competitive world commerce; and a host of other manifestations of international conflict are a powerful obstacle to that practice of mutual help which is the first condition of human welfare in materialist affairs. The answer is that prosperity after all is a spiritual problem. Until the nations as well as individuals can contrive to carry out the elementary instruction given to us by Christ for our benefit—that we help each other, carry each other's burdens, in short love each other—there can be no relationship between the nations except one of "war"; and if the crude, traditional form of physical war be eliminated from our habits, other forms of conflict will take its place, until we learn the lesson aforesaid. It really does seem to be as simple as that.

September 11th 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE FOURTH REPUBLIC

Dorothy Pickles has followed up her previous studies of French politics with an excellent survey of the first years of the Fourth Republic. In three hundred pages she provides a detailed analysis of French politics between 1944 and 1951, based on an exhaustive study of primary documents, impressive both in its objectivity and its sympathetic understanding. The book begins with a brilliant summary of the fundamental divergences which have frustrated any healthy development of French politics. Perhaps foreign observers, in their impatience with the chronic inability of the French to put their political house in order, have seen the French problem in the oversimplified form of the democratic centre (in the broad sense) being crushed between the Communist and the Gaullist millstones. The problem of France cannot be put in these simple terms, for otherwise the country would now politically be well on the road to recovery with the break-up of the Gaullist party organisation. Mrs. Pickles takes the reader behind the scenes, showing how in one respect the strength of the two extremist parties is only a symptom of something which goes much deeper, of a complete disillusionment with French parliamentary democracy. This is both the strength and the weakness of French communism, for instance. There is no immediate prospect of a radical decrease in Communist parliamentary strength, though in the trade unions Communist influence has begun to wane, for no solution of the fundamental problem of French politics is yet in sight. Yet as soon as the Communist party exceeds its function of being a symptom of discontent and begins to disrupt, it is stopped by the determined opposition of other parties. What then is this fundamental problem of French politics? Mrs. Pickles shows how far the conflict of ideas of the past

still dominates the political scene, leading to intransigence and irresponsibility in the political field to an extent the country can ill afford, under the delusion that France's ultimate securities are economic.

The fundamental alignment of parties is still based on the conflicts which dominated the Third Republic, the problems of Church and State, town and country, private versus public enterprise, electoral and constitutional reform. It is not only that the parties still keep up political warfare over differences most of which one should have thought would have been settled by now. What is so dangerous is that they owe their *raison d'être* mainly to these differences and therefore cannot afford to compromise over them. Whichever of the many coalition permutations is tried, it is doomed to failure as soon as a question comes up which touches one of these antitheses. For each of the coalitions of those parts of the 'Third Force' willing to cooperate in a government is bound to contain, for instance, a mixture of clericals and anti-clericals. Thus a tendency has grown up for governments to try to shelve the solution of all controversial problems, with the inescapable results. This is probably the inevitable nemesis for the insistence of the French on making their constitutional system so sensitive that it reflects every cloud on the political horizon. It is not only that the traditional concept of popular sovereignty inherited from Rousseau and the French Revolution still holds a large sway; parties are now pledged to particular policies. This causes a dual rigidity. The result is an almost complete paralysis of the 'gouvernement d'assemblée' in which the French believe so strongly. In this connection it is ominous how some of the most important achievements of the Fourth Republic, like the Monnet Plan, are independent of parliamentary control.

What of the future? Mrs. Pickles rightly concludes that the French faith in institutional reform is misguided. Many of the alleged reforms of the Fourth Republic have had unexpected consequences and have been followed by a clamour for a return to the system of the Third Republic. Whether there will ever be a true change of heart will depend on whether French politicians and the electorate will grasp that their political system has become a luxury which the country can no longer afford. Let us hope that events will not be too hard a taskmaster.

FRANK EYCK.

French Politics. The First Years of the Fourth Republic. By Dorothy Pickles. Royal Institute of International Affairs, 25s.

EAST AFRICA

Mrs. Macmillan's book is based on two tours in East Africa in the company of her husband, Professor W. Macmillan, who was investigating conditions of labour and agriculture and was given special facilities by the different administrative departments. Thus touring Uganda and Kenya in 1949, and Tanganyika in 1950, Mrs. Macmillan's observant and sympathetic eye enabled her to produce an "illuminating" book. Vignettes of road and forest and lake, of homes of farmers and officials, of schools and missions, build up a many-coloured picture. Mrs. Macmillan does not indulge in academic generalisations but suggests, against this kaleidoscopic background, some tentative views on the progress of constitutional development. Beginning her tour at Kampala she gives glimpses of an indigenous life of much charm. The discontents which express themselves appear as signs of healthy awakening, pointing the way to

progress. One sees the beneficent side of European civilisation in the magnificent Catholic and Anglican cathedrals overlooking Kampala, in industrial developments arising from the harnessing of the Nile at the Owen Falls and in social services. But underlying it all she shows the natural beauty and grace which led Winston Churchill to say 'Uganda is alive by itself.' An interesting account of Makerere College, with its scope reaching all over East Africa, shows the effort being made to develop it as a real University, where the students, women as well as men, shall be given amenities conducive to the work and study for which they hunger.

Mrs. Macmillan, turning to Kenya, shows much failure in the sphere of education, alongside fine endeavours to improve methods of agriculture, cattle husbandry and soil conservation. She points out how the ignorance of the people, especially the Kikuyu, makes them an easy prey to agitators and nationalists, such as Jomo Kenyatta, leading them to distrust and obstruct even the measures, such as terracing, which are vitally necessary for the conservation of their soil. Agreeing with Mrs. Macmillan on the need for better education, especially among women, one recalls how the wise Chief Koinange, 20 years ago, persistently stressed its necessity before the Joint Select Committee on Closer Union. Ignorance and poverty cannot without danger exist for long alongside the luxury of a city like Nairobi. And yet, with the right spirit and better understanding, the heroic courage of the Christian Kikuyu shows that a happier relationship could well have grown up. Mrs. Macmillan urges that "the main effort should now be to see that Africans share fully and responsibly in the building of the new East Africa." To this end the neglect of African education, "a neglect for which there may be retribution," must be remedied; the low position of women, the weak link in African progress, must be redressed, and there must be greater continuity, avoiding the scrapping of existing assets but building on them and not embarking without adequate foresight on such experiments as the Tanganyika groundnuts scheme. Thus a volume of experience might be formed in which a body of trained and experienced Africans could participate.

MOSA ANDERSON.

Introducing East Africa. Mona Macmillan. (Faber & Faber, 21s.).

JOHN MASEFIELD

In 1911 Masefield published his revivalist epic *The Everlasting Mercy*. This *cause célèbre* made his name: it was followed by *Dauber* in 1913, and his fame continued growing till it found its consummation in his classical poem *Reynard the Fox*. This last, appearing in 1919, stands as the high-water mark of his career. Since then, as Laureate, he has written widely, producing books of verse and prose in a steady stream few readers can keep up with. The fruit of this industry has not always redounded to the furtherance of his prestige. Amidst all the ramifying shoots of his talents it has sometimes proved a little difficult to distinguish the workings of his *trait principal*. His essential genius has tended to get lost in the abundance of his clever invention.

From such a confusion Mrs. Muriel Spark, one of our most signal young poets and critics, comes to rescue him. With modest but effective discrimination, she proceeds to sort out the strands of his work, retaining some for further consideration, while placing others quietly but firmly aside. She begins by differentiating between the work of the Laureate and his Georgian contemporaries with whom he is often identified. Tracing the origin of his gift back

to the *Salt Water Ballads* (published in 1902), she reveals to us the mind of a narrative poet in the making. Here, she has some excellent things to say on the differences with which the nautical worlds of Sir Henry Newbolt, Joseph Conrad and John Masefield confront us. Taking his early poems to represent an alternative flexing and unflexing of his mental muscles in a way that should best fit him to pursue the craft of story-telling in verse, Mrs. Spark conducts us to his three great poems. *The Everlasting Mercy* she takes to be a salvationist epic *written from the outside*. Observing this detachment Mrs. Spark remarks, "I do not think it will appeal to readers who are looking for a religious poem; it will appeal to those who look for an historical poem." *Dauber*—the story of a young painter who takes to the sea, and is finally killed by a fall from the rigging—she sees as a more complex work. Dauber's situation, she notes, "tallies with much present-day experience. The death of the Dauber is merely the end of a tragic sequence; it does not of itself make the tragedy. His death achieves, proves, nothing. . . . In this respect the tragedy of *Dauber* is in the modern tradition. It differs from the tragedy of the Elizabethans in kind . . . wherein the tragic death occurs with a kind of defiant glory." This is most suggestively stated. *Reynard the Fox*, which Mrs. Spark envisages as Masefield's finest work of art, is described by her as "a panoramic record of an English rural community seen rather in the manner in which Frith saw Derby Day." Mrs. Spark, who writes with economy and wit, has also a chapter on Masefield's narrative prose.

DEREK STANFORD.

John Masefield. By Muriel Spark (Peter Nevill, 15s.).

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

This book should be of interest alike to Friends and non-Friends. The latter are too prone to think that Quakerism is concerned only with relief and other humanitarian activities, and Friends themselves are not always too well-versed in the fundamentals of their faith. In the first chapter the author tells of the early beginnings of the Society. Just over 300 years ago, there was a fresh spiritual awakening, in which small groups of men and women gathered together "to wait upon the Lord," and felt that, as a group, they received an influx of the Holy Spirit, uniting them to each other and to God. They had originally no intention of founding a new sect, but only of sharing with others this that they called "the Truth." It was not so much a new doctrine as a new life. A collection of documents, not published till 1907, contains very many graphic accounts of the reception of the "Truth", and of the wonderful effects of it. It was a "Group Mysticism", more like the early Christians than the solitary seeking of the medieval Christian mystics. George Fox emerged as the organising genius of the movement; "at the age of 28, after 4 years of searching, 5 years of preaching, and two imprisonments he came to the North-West of England, where he convinced large numbers, and initiated Quakerism as a movement." In fact, very many were searching for just this simple form of Christianity. The Quakers "subtracted all ritual, all programmed arrangement in worship, and the professional ministry, allowing for no outward expression except the prophetic voice which had been heard in the New Testament Church at the beginning." In this women took part from the first. Differing, too, from

Protestantism, the Friends held that the Light Within, or the Spirit, was primary and the Scriptures secondary. The Light continued to reveal truth as men were ready to receive it, which means a growth in sensitivity, so that what may be right for the immature is wrong for those further advanced. This Light has been given to all men everywhere, since the beginning of the human race—a concept which was utterly repugnant to the orthodox of the day.

Howard Brinton analyses the origins of the Quaker philosophy and its growth among early Friends, giving many illuminating excerpts from their writings. He shows how from these religious ideas sprang the various activities and peculiarities of Friends—their means of arriving at decisions without voting, an organic rather than a mechanical unity. He tells of their views on non-violence, in personal, national and international affairs; their work against slavery, for prison reform, and the relief of suffering, as well as their own harsh treatment and imprisonments, the heavy price they paid for freedom of worship. We also read of the developing organisation, found to be necessary after a time—a sort of spiritual democracy, which was largely successful “in securing a reasonable balance between freedom and order.”

The book is so full of interesting matter that it is impossible in a short review to give any adequate summary of it, but advise the reading of it to anyone interested in religious thought or the evolution of social conscience. I may end with a remark made by Joseph Hoag in 1812, which I think holds the key to much Quaker thought and practice. On explaining his peace principles a listener said, “If all the world was of your mind, I would turn and follow after,” to which the reply was, “So then thou hast a mind to be the last man to be good. I have a mind to be one of the first, and set the rest an example.” That desire has inspired many a Quaker in very varied circumstances.

A. RUTH FRY.

“Friends for 300 Years.” Beliefs and Practice of the Society of Friends since George Fox started the Quaker Movement. By Howard Brinton. Allen & Unwin, 15s.

BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

“Chatham House” has added another very useful booklet to its long list of publications indispensable to the student of international affairs. In conjunction with the Council of Foreign Relations of the United States, the Royal Institute of International Affairs has brought out a report of some two hundred pages entitled: *Britain and the United States—Problems in Co-operation*. The report has been prepared by study groups of the two institutes employing an unusual method. Each group, instead of attempting to expound the policy of its own country, endeavoured to set down its interpretation of the policy of the other. With great thoroughness the report examines the differences in the approach to foreign policy of the two countries and in turn goes through the application of these policies to the various problems and regions which are of importance to-day. Historically and geographically the two nations view foreign policy from different angles. While the American starts with an anti-imperialist bias and with the enthusiasm for radical solutions of the “young” nation, the Englishman has a more positive conception of what empire involves and has been used for centuries to “living with problems”. Geographically, too, the vantage points are different. The Far East is viewed by the Americans mainly as the group of countries which form potential bases against them on the other side of the Pacific which washes the American coast, by the Englishman

mainly as the defensive barrier of India and as the lines of his communications to Australasia. During the build-up of a protective system against the Soviet threat the Mediterranean has been to the American mainly the outer bastion of the defence of Southern Europe, whereas to the Englishman it is part of the strategic structure of the Middle East, as well as—though to a decreasing extent—an important line of communication. Europe is viewed by the American as an entity and Britain thus as part of it, whereas the British people consider that they are not merely part of Europe but belong also to a wider structure. As a result, Britain is forever asking the Americans to deal directly with them, whereas the Americans prefer to make overall arrangements with Europe including Britain, and are impatient with the constant reservations which British governments make in their relations with inter-European organisations.

The report rightly concludes that the actual co-operation between the two governments in all the strategically vital regions of the present day has been remarkably close, in spite of certain notable exceptions, such as over Palestine and Persia. Though certain developments, such as a Korean settlement, might raise in an acute form questions such as that of Formosa where there is no joint Anglo-American policy, fundamental harmony is likely to continue as long as there is the Soviet threat. For Britain—and for Europe—one big question mark, however, remains: "If (as the report says) Britain rearms to the full according to an allied plan, will she find herself at the end of the emergency, as 1945, bankrupt, with an acute dollar problem and an economy geared for war, not peace?"

So far as it goes the report is excellent, though it is possible to quarrel with one or two conclusions, such as the statement that officials of the American Government who made speeches flagrantly inconsistent with government policy have always either had to resign or to repudiate these speeches. Occasionally, too, there is a lack of balance—the section on European co-operation could have been drastically cut, while the chapter on the Far East is far too short. The sub-section on the Korean war is only two pages long. Clearly Far Eastern disagreements have been a far more serious factor in Anglo-American friction than European ones. It may be asked, however, whether the report goes far enough. As it confirms, ministers, generals and officials of the two countries in objective deliberation usually agree on essentials. The same cannot always be said of public opinion. It would have been interesting to contrast press and parliamentary reaction in the two countries to some recent major international events, such as the see-saw of the Korean War. For the real obstacle to a smooth collaboration is the subjectivity of public opinion in both countries. And a report directed at public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic should surely have considered the moths in our brothers' eyes which are always more readily apparent to us than the beams in our own eyes—such as for the people of Britain for instance McCarthyism and the colour bar in the United States. Perhaps this aspect will form the subject of a further study.

FRANK EYCK.

Britain and the United States. Problems in Co-operation. Royal Institute of International Affairs, 8s. 6d.

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Roger Martin du Gard's *Notes on Andre Gide*, exquisitely translated by John Russell (Andre Deutsch, 9s. 6d.) is a little masterpiece of visualisation and interpretation. A brief preface by the translator introduces us to the author

of *Les Thibault* and other novels of contemporary society. The younger man met Gide shortly before the First World War and remained a close friend—perhaps the closest of his friends—till his death in 1951. This little volume consists of dated jottings, unstudied in appearance but adding up to a living portrait of France's most distinguished writer since Proust. Though Roger felt and expressed both admiration and affection for his celebrated friend, he was in no sense a disciple, and this independent relationship forms one of the charms of the conversations. Gide's judgments on life and literature and above all on himself are naturally of value, but as a man he is unattractive. A notorious and unabashed homosexual, he became ever more exclusively interested in his own writings and plans. The reader, like the author, cannot fail to sympathise with the sorely tried and uncomplaining wife who made a home for one of the greatest egoists in the history of literature. The portrait which forms the frontispiece is at once fascinating and uncanny.

* * * * *

History of the World's Art, by Hermann Leicht (Allen & Unwin, 35s.), is a masterpiece of composition, interpretation, illustration and production. How this beautiful volume can be published at so low a price is a mystery. Here is the whole story of painting, sculpture and architecture from the Ice Age to Picasso and the latest fashions and paradoxes. No references are provided, as the author is writing for the general reader who quickly gains confidence in his knowledge and judgment. Many art books are of value mainly for the illustrations, but in this case the text is fully worthy of them. The narrative is clear, and at the close of the book we feel that we have been introduced not merely to the history of art but to an essential aspect of the development of civilisation. The book deserves to be widely read, diligently studied, and kept within easy range for frequent reference.

* * * * *

Adlai E. Stevenson's *Speeches* (Andre Deutsch, 12s. 6d.) contain the more important declarations of the Democratic candidate during the election campaign in 1952, some of which rank high among the orations of American statesmen. That he was by far the best standard-bearer of his party became increasingly clear as the battle raged, not merely owing to his gift of lucid and incisive utterance but because he maintained throughout the highest standards of political controversy. "What concerns me," he declared in accepting the nomination at Chicago, "is not just winning the election but how it is won." Though no living American can be expected to scale the heights of inspired language attained by Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Stevenson

braces his readers, as he braced his hearers, by his sober optimism and his passion for ordered liberty. The twenty-page Introduction, written in tranquillity three months after his defeat, increases our liking for the man who never sought the highest office but who proved himself fully worthy of it. . . . Though few of us had heard of the Governor of Illinois till the Democrats began looking round for a candidate to confront General Eisenhower, Mr. Stevenson, as he relates in the Introduction, had seen a good deal of national and international politics during the war and post-war years. Will he be the Democratic candidate again in 1956? No one knows. If so, we may be sure that this volume will once more find many readers.

* * * * *

Professor H. G. Wood's Biography of T. R. Glover (Cambridge University Press, 21s.) will be warmly welcomed by his Cambridge contemporaries, by his friends and pupils on both sides of the Atlantic, and by the still larger number of his readers. Though he never obtained a Professorship in his beloved Cambridge, that was the only serious disappointment in a singularly happy life. Happiness results from self-realisation, and Glover fulfilled himself, making the most of his shining gifts of mind and heart. He was equally prominent as a Cambridge lecturer, the author of several best-sellers on the classical and early Christian world, an ardent Non-conformist champion and Temperance advocate, an arresting speaker and preacher, and—perhaps the best of all—as Public Orator of Cambridge University. Everyone liked him, including those who did not share all his political and religious convictions. Professor Wood's biography, warmed by personal knowledge and affection, introduces us to a stimulating personality whose heart was filled to the brim with the love of God and man.

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